The Outlook

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A Party Cleavage that Unites

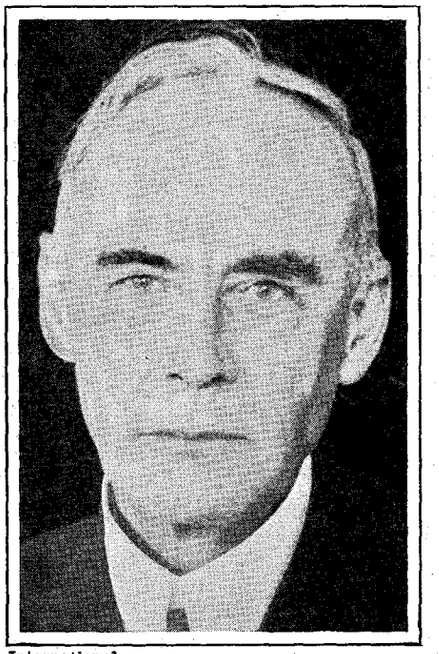
CONGRESS is well on toward the end of the session, and the strange coalition of Republican regulars and Democratic regulars still holds. When The Outlook, shortly after adjournment of the previous Congress, predicted that the Democratic-radical coalition was broken beyond possibility of re-establishment, there was no thought of a coalition between the regulars of the enemy camps. Most of what has been accomplished at this session, however, is the result of such a coalition. The Republicans are and have been from the beginning of the session without a majority. If they had not had the support of the Democrats, most of the Administration measures would have failed. That support has come, not from individual Democrats, but from the Democratic organization. The individuals with a disposition to break over party lines have voted more often with the Republican recalcitrants. On a few occasions the Democrats have voted with the radicals, but usually with the Administration.

The most recent demonstration of this came in the confirmation by the Senate of the appointment of Thomas F. Woodlock as a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Many Republicans, not all of them radicals, opposed the appointment and rejection was accepted as a foregone conclusion. When the test came, however, there were only twenty-five votes in opposition. While the action was necessarily taken in executive session, and the result of the roll-call has not been divulged, it is an open secret that the Democratic organization supported the Administration forces. The opposition consisted mainly of the recalcitrants in both camps.

The Democrats no doubt had good enough partisan reasons for supporting the President in the appointment of Woodlock. Mr. Woodlock is nominally a Democrat, but admittedly votes the Republican ticket in National elections. The Democrats have nothing to hope for from him in a political sense. They had no love for him as an individual. It is not likely that they were promised anything in the way of reciprocity, though something of the kind may come to them. On the whole, there are indications, not amounting yet to evidences, of a drawing together of the constructive elements of the two old parties and a widening line of cleavage from the radicals in both.

A National Prohibition Referendum by States

THE sub-committee of the Senate Judiciary Committee is, after all, to conduct hearings on the bills to amend



International
Thomas F. Woodlock

the Volstead Law. Instructed to study the bills and report to the full committee, the sub-committee reported that hearings should be held. The Committee adopted the report with but one dissenting vote, that of Senator Walsh, of Montana. The Committee voted at the same time to postpone indefinitely any action on the measures aimed at the Eighteenth Amendment. These will "die in committee."

The hearings will run for twelve days instead of for several weeks, as the "wets" originally hoped. When the test came, the "drys" supported the demand for hearings, but insisted that each side could present in six days whatever needs to be presented. The hearings will be conducted by the original sub-committee, with Senator Means, of Colorado, as chairman. The other members are Harreld, of Oklahoma; Goff, of West Virginia; Reed, of Missouri; and Walsh, of Montana.

Meanwhile, measures intended to secure modification of the liquor laws continue to pile up. Senator Edge, of New Jersey, already the sponsor of two or three wet measures, has introduced a resolution providing for a National referendum on this question: "Shall Congress amend the National Prohibition Act so as to allow the manufacture, sale, transportation, and possession of beverages containing as great an amount of alcohol as is lawful under the Constitution?"

To this Senator Borah offered and Senator Edge accepted three amendments as follows:

> Do you favor such an amendment to the Constitution of the United States as will eliminate, or wholly repeal, the Eighteenth Amendment?
>
> If you favor amending the Volstead Act, is it your desire, notwithstanding such amendments, that the law remain so as to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages in the United States?
>
> If you favor amending the Volstead Act so as to permit the manufacture and sale of light wines and beer, is it your understanding that such light wines and beer are to be so limited in the alcoholic content as to be non-intoxicating?

The States would be authorized to conduct the referendum at the general election this fall. If any State should make no provision for the referendum, the Postmaster-General and the Secretary of Commerce would be authorized to conduct it through the Post Office Department and the Bureau of the Census.

Senator Edge declares that the "drys" ought to support this resolution if they are as confident of public sentiment as they claim to be.

There is yet another question that has not yet appeared on any referendum so far proposed. The reason is that it goes to the root of the matter. What that

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question is we state in an editorial on another page.

A Bill to Shut Out the Light

A BILL requiring that a newspaper or other periodical must be printed in English in order to be permitted to go in the mails as second-class matter is before the Committee on Post Office and Post Roads. The effect, if it should be passed, would be suppression of the foreign-language press of the United States. Only under conditions exceptionally favorable could any publication live without the privilege of the second-class rate.

This measure, known as the Colton Bill, is the legitimate successor of the Upshaw Bill of the preceding Congress. That bill sought, in express terms, to prohibit the publication of periodicals in any language except English. The Colton Bill seeks to do the same thing by indirection.

The Upshaw Bill was entitled "A Bill to Encourage the Fullest Americanism and for Other Purposes." The Colton Bill has not that title, but it is full of indications of phraseology and otherwise that its purpose is the same as that of the Upshaw Bill.

Mr. Upshaw began his bill with a whereas. The records of the selective draft in the World War, it said, revealed the fact that three hundred and eighty-seven thousand American soldiers could not read an American newspaper. Then it proposed to Americanize those men and other men and women in like plight by denying them the privilege of having papers printed in the languages that they could read.

There may have been as silly bills as this before, but it is hard to believe that there ever could have been a sillier. The Colton Bill avoids this silliness in terms, but its effect would be equally pernicious. It would destroy one of the principal agencies by which American principles can be taught to the men and women in the United States who cannot read English. It would not prevent aliens from using their own language, but simply from using it for the purpose of learning anything about America.

A Statue to a Country Doctor

SLEEP, one of the least likely and least used of all news subjects, succeeded in getting on the front pages twice within the space of a week recently. First came the announcement from Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, that Dr. Curt P. Richter had concluded experiments which proved that there are two wholly different kinds of real sleep as well as several states so closely resembling sleep as not to be distinguishable from it by ordinary means. Practical benefits from the discovery are expected in the treatment of nervous and mental diseases.

From the current work of this modern specialist in one of the best-equipped clinics in the world the news turned to the doings, eighty-four years ago, of an obscure country doctor in a remote Georgia hamlet. For it was only eighty-four years ago that Dr. Crawford W. Long discovered the principle of anesthesia and performed the first anesthetized surgical operation. He did it without any of the aids that modern medical experimenters look upon as indispensable. It was one of those great scientific discoveries, not carefully worked out, but coming apparently almost as the result of inspiration. The time grows ripe for them. They are made—frequently at about the same time by two or more men working independently. The honor of the discovery of anesthesia is claimed for at least three other doctors, all New Englanders, who worked with as good equipment as existed at that time. But the fact that Dr. Long, a mere country physician without easy access even to the medical journals, was practicing anesthetized surgery when the others made their announcements appears to prove that he was an independent if not beyond question the first discoverer of the principle. In any event, his native State of Georgia has seen fit to place his statue in one of the two niches accorded to that State in Statuary Hall under the old dome of the Capitol building in Washington.

Even if the claims of some of the other contenders could be proved superior to that of Dr. Long, the placing of the statue of a country doctor in Statuary Hall is an act to be admired. Georgia, honoring this old knight of the saddle-bags, has honored herself to a greater degree than those States, by no means neglible in number, who have filled their niches with the statues of mere politicians.

Georgia, possibly to a greater extent than most other States, is entitled to a feeling of pride in its country doctors. They have had their flashes of genius even beyond the field of medicine and surgery. It was Francis O. Ticknor, a Georgia country doctor, who wrote "Little Giffin," a lyric that ranked high in the Civil War period.

The Cost of Convenience

A MAJOR part of the high cost of living is the cost of convenience. From this comes the lofty rental rates commanded by corners in the way of the multitude, the expansion of telephone service, the streets full of wagons conveying small parcels to the homes of buyers, and the enhanced price of every article so sold or delivered. The community wants to press the button and have somebody else do the rest. For this it must pay, and growls accordingly.

The business community is not alone in its need for taxing the consumer in order to serve his convenience. A heavy load is laid upon the Government on the side of services required, notably in the matter of rural free delivery. This costs more than twice as much per mile as the bulk cartage of mail matter, or 27.7 cents as against 13.37. "Star routes" are not allowed to compete with rural routes by a prudent Congress with an eye for chances to make two dollars do the work of one. When the rural delivery system was instituted, the carrier's pay was fixed at $600 per annum, and he was expected to cover twenty-four miles per day by the use of horses. This usually took all of eight or ten hours. The automobile has come in and cuts the time in half. The maximum pay of the carrier has, however, been quadrupled. That is to say, he now receives $2,400 a year, plus fifteen days' vacation and ten days' allowance for sickness. Besides, he is not required to labor on seven holidays and fifty-two Sundays. So it is that the cost of the rural free delivery has mounted to something like $100,000,000 per annum.

This outlay is made for the convenience of the farmer, who does not receive an amazing quantity of mail. No one need begrudge him a real convenience that saves the time of "going to town" for mail, but it would be interesting to know just how much of this "time" is saved, and what the farmer does with it. Also, to what extent farmers' mail adds to the earning power of the Post Office. The heavy deficit of that institution ap-

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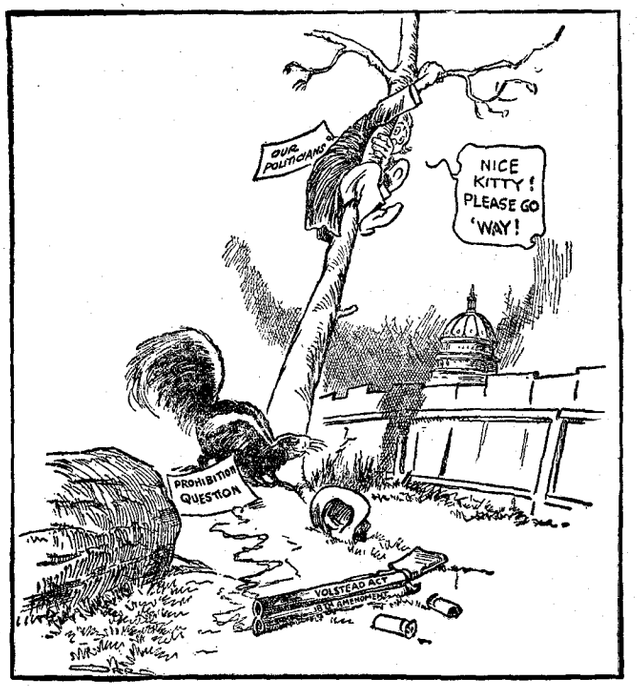
Thus afflicted in his wrecks

(Titus Adronicus, Act IV, Scene 4)

Orr in the Wall Street Journal



Treed!

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Orr in the Chicago Daily Tribune

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright, 1926, by the Chicago Tribune

His lair

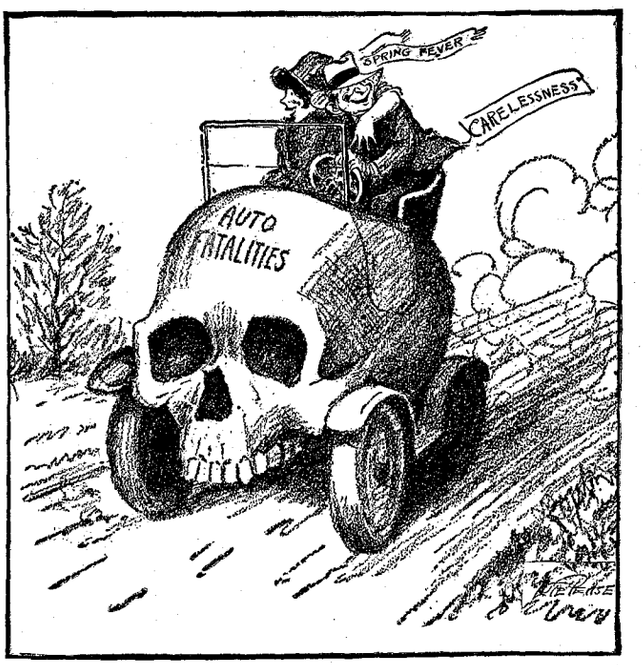
From Albert G. Heath, Chicago, Ill.

Ireland in the Columbus Evening Dispatch

Powerful Brazil

From Henry H. Metters, Columbus, Ohio

Pease in the Newark Evening News



On the road again

From Mrs. W. E. Willson, Andover, N. J.

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pears to be clearly located in the rural regions.

Utilizing the Cat Pastures

THERE seems to be a fair possibility, if the politics can be strained out of the situation, of securing legislation at Albany that will bring real housing relief to New York City. By this means it will be possible for private capital to step in and not only relieve congestion, but enormously improve living conditions in the metropolis.

The tendency, ever since rapid transit was evolved, has been to push the workers farther and farther away from their place of employment, thereby not only lengthening their day, but increasing the city's financial burdens in providing adequate transport. Under what is called Governor Smith's plan, drawn up by Julius Henry Cohen, it will be feasible to take over blocks of tumbledown tenements, dirty and without benefit of light and air, level them and create quadrangles, within which the present backyards, given over as cat pastures, can be consolidated into gardens and playgrounds. Indeed, the interior of every block can be converted into a park for the benefit of residents, plus providing them with homes at a cost of not more than $10 per room per month. The accruing benefits will far outweigh the lowering of rentals, desirable as this may be. Waste blockage will be utilized, convenience served, and humanity improved morally and physically.

The Question of Passports

THE Conference on Passports, to be held in Geneva in May, is of special interest to travelers everywhere. The United States has been invited, and invitations have been extended to practically all other countries, whether members of the League or not. In these days of growing intercommunication the matter is certainly one of first importance. Public opinion throughout the world, the Assembly resolution calling the Conference declares, undoubtedly demands that some step be taken "towards the abolition, to the widest extent possible, of the passport system, and towards mitigating considerably the disadvantages of the expense which the system entails."

Many travelers abroad, especially many American travelers, must say "Amen" to this. The trouble is that America started it, and wherever the American, whether in London, in Paris, in Rome, or elsewhere, enters a protest at the demands, financial or otherwise, of the passport official he is met with the cold response, "You shouldn't have started it."

American citizens, as the world's greatest travelers, last year paid no less than $30,000,000 to foreign Governments for visas for their passports. Of course the stringent immigrant laws which the vast majority of people in the United States desire to see maintained render the question of the passports a particularly difficult one for this country. Nevertheless there can be no doubt that a general conference on the subject should be productive of many mitigating results; such as the extension of the validity of the visa and a reduction in consular charges. The League of Nations resolution advocates a uniform fee of five gold francs for a visa, or practically one dollar, against the present total charge of twelve dollars.

Everywhere in increasing numbers American students, teachers, writers, tourists of very moderate means, taking advantage of the extraordinary facilities offered by the steamship companies, go to Europe for their summer vacation. To these people every dollar, carefully saved for the purpose, means much. Of the $30,000,000 paid by Americans last year, by far the greatest amount was paid by these "third-class tourists." The impost constitutes a very wasteful tax, and, in the words of a famous mediæval statesman, "is irritating, unnecessary, and ought to be abolished."

Chess Warfare in China

"HE who fights and runs away will live to fight another day." In China, a land of sophisticated militarists, that saying often is taken seriously. Just as an astute chess player seeing a superior disposition of pieces will concede a checkmate in advance, so a Chinese general facing a stronger array of forces will grant the battle and withdraw without putting the issue to the cruder test of combat. It is a civilized way of conducting a war which has not yet become common or popular in the West. Yet it has the practical advantage of conserving the retiring commander's forces for another move when conditions are more favorable.

Something of the sort appears to be occurring now in northern China. The Kuominchun armies, which recognize the leadership of General Feng Yu-hsiang, of Chili, and support the Peking Government, have been retreating toward the capital from two sets of enemies. On the north and east expeditions owing allegiance to Marshal Chang Tso-lin, of Manchuria, have launched an attack before which the Kuominchun armies have evacuated Tientsin. From the south, the forces of the Yangtze alliance headed by General Wu Pei-fu, of central China, have been pressing an advance along the railroad from Hankow toward Peking. The next turn of events in China will be determined if one of these two former enemies, Chang or Wu, is able to gain control of the capital and so dominate the Government.

In this emergency the Kuominchun faction has hit upon the novel expedient of requesting the foreign treaty Powers to declare Peking and its environs a neutralized area under their protection. The purpose, obviously, is not simply to keep the civil warfare from reaching Peking and endangering the foreign communities, but to prevent the adversaries of the Government party from pressing home their victory. The Minister of the United States has been reported to be standing out against all the diplomatic representatives of the other Powers, in opposing the suggestion on the ground that it would amount to intervention in Chinese internal affairs. Chinese majority opinion appears to be hostile to the proposal for the same reason. The American spokesman is well advised in refusing to associate himself with a scheme which undoubtedly would be taken throughout China as another instance of foreign aggression. Meanwhile, the question has been referred by the diplomats to their home Governments.

International Interests at Stake

VARIED international issues of great importance are involved in the present crisis in China.

In the first place, the Peking Government, weak as it is, is the agency with which the Powers have been engaged since last autumn in negotiating a new agreement regarding the Chinese tariffs. The foreign delegates at the Peking customs conference have been reported to be in accord finally on a tariff schedule substantially like that proposed by the Chinese themselves last October. (This would provide for the levying of sur-

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Wide World

Typical Mayan Sculpture. Archæologists find in it strong Oriental characteristics

taxes ranging from 5 to 30 per cent, prior to the granting of full tariff autonomy to China in 1929.) But the essential condition would be that the Government should be able to fulfill its undertaking to abolish the Chinese provincial taxes on goods in internal transit, known as "likin." How a Government unable to defend itself against its own national enemies and to administer the provinces could accomplish a complicated reform of this character is hard to see.

Further, an international commission has been in China for some months studying the question of the extra-territorial rights of foreigners, with a view to reaching an understanding for their gradual abolition. Its work and decisions also are held up by the increasing turmoil in China itself.

Finally, international politics figure largely in the Chinese civil war. General Feng Yu-hsiang, having his base in Chili northwest of Peking and isolated by his enemies from the sea, has had to get military supplies largely by way of Siberia. Consequently, under the Peking régime supported by his forces, Russian Soviet propaganda has been aggressive and has won considerable sympathy in Chinese Nationalist circles. General Feng himself is reported to have gone to Urga, the capital of Mongolia, whose government is dominated by Russian influence. He has also been said to be planning a trip to Moscow. Meanwhile, his armies are being withdrawn with their supplies from the area around Peking, and would be ready for another drive if the situation should change. General Feng himself is a strong patriot, and maintains the highest discipline in his armies of any of the Chinese leaders.

Marshal Chang Tso-lin, of Manchuria, is notoriously subject to Japanese influence. His capital, Mukden, is in the zone of the Japanese-controlled South Manchuria Railway; and through her railway guards and garrison at Mukden Japan could at any time command the situation in Manchuria. An occupation of Peking by Chang's forces would mean the ascendancy of Japanese influence.

General Wu Pei-fu has maintained a more independent position, with his more isolated base in central China. He has been antagonistic to Soviet ideas and also to Japanese interference in China. In the past he has been friendly toward the United States and Great Britain. His attitude in the present circumstances has not been disclosed clearly.

Both Chang and Wu, it is said, may be asked to come to the capital to confer with the government headed by Marshal Tuan Chi-jui as Chief Executive. While the most surprising reversals are possible in China, only inveterate optimists believe that any real working agreement for peace can be reached between these two long-standing foes. The only clear prospect seems to be for a decline of Russian influence at Peking, while Chang and Wu are testing which of them may dictate the next chapter of China's disturbed history.

The New Mayan Discoveries

A GAP in the history of the Maya civilization appears to have been filled in by the recent work of British archæologists in northern Yucatan under the leadership of Dr. T. W. F. Gann. It was known that Mayan art and culture were flourishing in Guatemala up to about 600 A.D.; but they did not grow after that time—indeed, the Mayan cities and temples seem then to have been abandoned. Why, no one could say; nor where these remarkable people went; for the Mayan remains in Yucatan heretofore known date, it is held, only from about 1000 A.D.; and the deciphering of the Mayan calendar has not shaken that belief. Where were they in those intervening three or four hundred years?

Dr. Gann in an account of his exploration in the New York "Herald Tribune" has furnished a logical answer. He discovered in northern Yucatan a Mayan city with typical temples, inscriptions, and architectural decoration. This city, Coba, was in existence about 600 A.D. The inference is that the early migration was from Guatemala to the Coba region and that the more southern Yucatan

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ruins already known were founded much later. If this is so, the gap in Mayan known history is closed, or closing.

Coba, "the lost city," has monoliths, tablets, pyramids, terraces, temples, and majestic stairways. It is overgrown with dense bush and its restoration will be a formidable task.

There is still the unanswered question: Whence came the Mayas? It is impossible to look at such a monument as that illustrated herewith without the strong feeling that it is akin in art to Hindu or Egyptian work. Over thirty years ago Dr. and Mrs. Le Plongeon, early explorers and writers on the Mayan culture, came into The Outlook's office and told the editors of their conviction that the legends, the sculptures, and the edifices of the Mayas were too closely allied to Egyptian and Asian art to be explained as a coincidence. Dr. Willis F. Johnson some two years ago told eloquently in The Outlook the story of the courage and persistence of the Le Plongeons in upholding this theory and making their researches known. To-day it looks more and more as if the new discoveries were verifying the beliefs of these early explorers.

Who Shall Own Britain's Coal?

JUST as we have reached a settlement of the long-drawn-out strike in the anthracite coal fields of the United States, it appears that Great Britain may be plunged into a bitter struggle between the coal-mine owners and workers over wages and principles of management in the British industry. A miners' strike, if it happens, would, it is feared, result in a disastrous and dangerous sympathetic strike of all the big British labor unions.

Since last August the industry has been subsidized, and thus enabled to continue the increases of wages granted in 1924. The subsidy expires on April 30. In the meantime a Coal Commission has been making a thorough inquiry, and has now issued a voluminous report.

First, it recommends that the coal subsidy should stop at the end of the set term, and should never be repeated. This is a victory for those who wish to see the coal problem faced and settled directly. It would mean a reopening of the wage question on May 1. Press reports have indicated that it is uncertain whether the Government will adopt the recommendation, at least at that date.

Second, the report rejects the policy of nationalization of the mines, suggested by the miners' union and favored by other unions and by the influential Labor Party. On the other hand, it favors emphatically a policy of Government purchase and ownership of all mineral deposits in Great Britain and of granting concessions to private enterprise to work them. This, it is estimated, would involve an expenditure of $500,000,000.

Third, the report considers it impossible to maintain the standard of wages established by the increases of 1924, and declares a reduction of wages in certain districts essential. It recommends that reductions be accepted by the better-paid men, as a sacrifice, to make possible uninterrupted operation and to avoid a conflict and unemployment. But it is doubtful whether wage cuts would be accepted by the miners' union.

The Commission recognizes certain union contentions by advocating retention of the standard length of the working day and by admitting that the industry needs reorganization. All practicable means for improving efficiency, the Commission states, should be adopted before sacrifices are asked of the workers.

The Government has announced its decision to accept the report and to pass the laws required for reorganization of the industry, if the owners and workers will agree.

In spite of these concessions, the miners and their sympathizers are aroused and ready for a fight. A. J. Cook, the radical Secretary of the Miners' Federation, declared after the announcement of the Government's decision that if its settlement of the coal controversy is not satisfactory and the miners "have to strike," arrangements have been made that not a ton of coal will be handled or be allowed to enter the country.

The Outlook for the Coal Industry

THE report of the British Coal Commission concludes by proposing a national conference of the Mining Association and the Miners' Federation, and the appointment of a permanent Coal Commission to acquire and administer mineral property. The country has a breathing space before the end of the Government subsidy.

The British coal mines, in common with those of the European Continent and the United States, have been suffering from the influence of three new factors. One is rising production in other parts of the world, hitherto backward—India, Japan, China, Australia, South Africa. A second is the growing use of water power to replace steam. And last, and most important, is the increasing use of oil as a fuel, on the seas and in industry, in place of coal.

All of these forces are creating inevitable difficulties in the industry and are tending toward a fundamental reconsideration and reorganization of its processes to meet a changing situation in the world.

The Fighting Fascists

WHEN a carpet-bagger postmaster, as related in "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," reflected on the honor of a Virginia gentleman by refusing to trust him for a postage stamp, he practically committed suicide; and the relator was amazed that some people actually talked of taking the matter into court! So with Matteotti, judging from Fascist reports. He was reprehensible in resisting his kidnappers before they had beaten him up to their satisfaction, and to this audacity he added the moral turpitude of having a poor physique and of dying on their hands. In this case, unlike that in Hopkinson Smith's story, there actually was a trial, such as it was, and three of the killers of Matteotti must go to prison for a few weeks—the "higher ups" behind the outrage were not brought to trial. The jury found a verdict of guilty of unintentional manslaughter under intense provocation.

The incident illustrates the contention of those who believe that government by force outside of law is dangerous, whether in Russia or Italy; the only justification is that for revolution. There are times when government is unendurable oppression or, as with Italy after the war, so weak as to be intolerable.

In his address in Rome on the seventh birthday of Fascism Mussolini declared that its program was, as ever, "Fight." It is said that the old days of shaming and chastising anti-Fascists is over and that Italy is satisfied because order prevails, even if free speech and a free press are forbidden. It may be so, but at least the theory of Fascism is that of a benevolent despotism. Mussolini told his followers: "If you want to live, you must do away with loquacious parlia-

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mentarism; you must give the authority to the executive powers."

Apparently alluding to the rumors that he was to intervene vigorously in world politics, Mussolini said: "You are undoubtedly impatient in the expectation of something. . . . Will you believe me if I tell you that your impatience will be appeased some day? . . . The great hour does not strike every moment, and not on all clocks." He explained the fact that he attached no importance to what is printed abroad by saying: "It is quite logical that the international world of democracy and liberalism, and Masonry and plutocracy without a country, should be against us."

The address was confident and bold. Its reception shows that Italy is intensely nationalistic and that it trusts Mussolini because he has held an even hand over the dangers of radicalism, capitalism, and governmental inefficiency which led to the birth of Fascism seven years ago.

On to Hudson Bay

IN spite of the fact that Canada is considerably overbuilt with railroads, the Dominion Government has recently announced its intention to continue with the building of the Hudson Bay Railroad, abandoned several years ago when almost three-fourths completed.

This road connecting the wheat lands of the northwest with tide-water on Hudson Bay had been the dream of prairie grain growers for a quarter of a century before construction work was actually begun in 1910. It was hoped that the new line would provide an alternative outlet by means of which the wheat of the prairie provinces might reach the markets of Europe. Montreal and the Hudson Bay line's proposed eastern terminus are about equidistant from Liverpool, but Montreal is on an average 1,000 miles farther from the wheat fields. The saving in transit charges was variously estimated at from three cents a bushel to eight cents; and the expectation was that from 50,000,000 to 100,000,000 bushels of grain would be shipped over it each season.

The route selected follows almost an air line from The Pas, in northwestern Manitoba, to Port Nelson, at the mouth of the Nelson River on the west shore of Hudson Bay, a distance of 424 miles. When work was discontinued, the road had been graded the whole distance and steel had been laid for three hundred miles. The original estimate for the entire cost of line and terminals at Port Nelson was $25,000,000. Of this sum about $21,000,000 had been expended when work was stopped.

The Canadian taxpayers had been called upon to pay such huge railroad deficits that they were strongly averse to spending money for any railroads that were not absolutely needed. Furthermore, considerable objection had developed to the Hudson Bay route in the interval—principally in the cities of the East. It was claimed that the navigation season in Hudson Bay and Strait was too short and attended by too many risks for the route ever to be a success. Another objection was that Port Nelson should not have been chosen for the terminus, but that Port Churchill, farther north, should have been selected.

A committee of the Senate of Canada undertook to investigate these objections in 1920. It examined a great many expert witnesses, and found that the route was feasible and would probably also in time become profitable; that under present conditions a season of at least four months could be expected, which might be considerably lengthened with proper aids to navigation. It also found, however, that Port Nelson was not as suitable as Churchill, but that the line could be extended to the latter port at comparatively little additional cost.

Since construction was first undertaken some very important mineral discoveries have been made in the region through which the Hudson Bay Railroad runs. It crosses a corner of the great Laurentian shield, comprising the oldest geological formations on the continent. These pre-Cambrian rocks are the ones which produce the iron of Minnesota, the copper of Michigan, the nickel and copper of Sudbury, the cobalt and silver of Cobalt, and the gold of Porcupine—all along the southern edge of the Laurentian plateau; and it is expected that when this vast area is fully prospected one of the great mineral regions of the world will be opened up. Proponents of the Hudson Bay line therefore claim that the products of the mines will one day provide enough traffic to make the line a profitable one, aside from whether it becomes an alternative grain spout or not. The fisheries of the bay and its tributary rivers are said to be extensive as well.

The long hauls, east and west, now take a heavy toll from Canada's primary producers, and if this line to Hudson Bay should prove successful it will probably not be the only one—James Bay juts down into a rich portion of northern Ontario—and it might conceivably result in an entirely new orientation for our northern neighbors.

A Question Not Asked

WITH all the discussion of the evils resulting from prohibition, with all the energetic campaign against the Eighteenth Amendment, with all the hullabaloo over straw votes, no one seems to care or dare to propose a referendum on the question, "Do you want a return of the old-fashioned saloon?" It might appear from this that even the wets tacitly admit that the social evils of the present régime are less than those of the era of the open bar.

The evils of the present situation are obvious enough. It is quite clear that the prohibition forces in their leadership of the dry movement did not think the problem of prohibition through to a definite conclusion. They were satisfied to get the laws upon the statute-books, leaving to time and experience the development of a method of enforcing them. Politically they were intensely practical men; socially they manifested many of the symptoms of the impractical idealist.

Once the wets were intrenched in power and the drys captained an offensive campaign. Now the drys are within the citadel and the rôle of the attackers has passed to the wets. What indication is there that the wets are any less theoretical than the drys in their approach to the tremendous problem of handling the liquor traffic? Have the leaders of the wet forces proposed any remedy soundly conceived and capable of execution?

It appears to us that the panaceas offered by the wets are fully as remote from actuality as anything which was ever proposed by the most optimistic dry. The wets demand light wine and beer without any definite suggestion as to the methods by which light wine and beer shall be produced and sold. They ignore completely the question of the bootlegger of hard liquor who will exist as surely and profusely under a Government which attempts to enforce a new form of prohibition which would limit

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the people to light wine and beer as under a Government which attempts to enforce the present form of prohibition. They ignore the fact that even should they succeed in repealing the Eighteenth Amendment—in our opinion a hopeless endeavor—within a brief space of time ninety per cent of the area of the United States would be dry again under local option and State-wide prohibition. Facts seem to give headaches to ardent wets as well as ardent drys.

Because the wets seem to grasp with such difficulty the hard realities, it doubly behooves the drys to clear their own camp of superficial thinking and sentimentality. Let them ask themselves such questions as these:

Are the methods used in the enforcement of prohibition in keeping with our American political traditions? Is the injunction a safe weapon for the police power and the courts to apply?

Why have the fines and taxes available under the internal revenue laws of the Nation been practically ignored as a means of controlling the illegal liquor industry?

Are the officers in charge of prohibition enforcement, big and little, selected because they are wholeheartedly devoted to this work? If not, why not? If not, who should be held responsible?

Is the Nation prepared to pay the cost of prohibition in adequate salaries for prohibition officers, in the enlargement of its court system, and by the engagement of capable and honest prosecuting attorneys, or does it prefer to pay the cost of lax enforcement by additions to the criminal classes and the breakdown of our social system? Uncle Sam will have to foot a large bill no matter which choice is made.

Has the Turk Become Speakable?

AFTER lying dormant for over two years and a half the proposed treaty with Turkey has been favorably reported, has been released from the injunction of secrecy, and has been officially published in the Congressional Record.

It is a solemn agreement of the sort that implies the utmost mutual confidence and trust.

For many centuries Turkey has been regarded as beyond the pale of civilized nations. Under arrangements known as Capitulations foreigners had a legal status in Turkey apart from the subjects of the Sultan. These Capitulations were the result, not merely of the distrust of Turkey by other nations, but of the recognition by the Turks themselves of their inability to assume the responsibility for the protection of foreigners. Peoples subject to Turkey have been harried, pillaged, and massacred. Regions subject to Turkey's rule have been rendered barren. Turkey has remained as an oppressor of the unprotected and as a menace to civilization, not because she has earned her right to survival by any contribution to civilization, but because she has learned to profit by the dissentions of the Powers. Defeated in the World War, she was subject to the control of the victors. But again she profited by the dissentions among the nations. What has she done to earn the confidence which nations have never reposed in her before?

She has changed her form of government; but there is no evidence under Mustapha Kemal Pasha that Turkey is essentially changed in character. The Turk has substituted the European cap for the fez; but the Turk cannot change his character with his headgear.

It is the so-called new Turkey that, flushed with victory over the Greeks, reproduced in the Near East conditions like those created by the devastating hosts of the ancient Assyrians. It is the new Turkey that has created a host of refugees who have been dependent upon the Near East Relief and American generosity for survival.

This is the nation which we are called upon to treat with the same confidence by formal treaty as we would treat England, or France, or Italy.

It is said that we must follow the example of the European Powers. Since when, however, have we taken our cue in the treatment of Turkey from Europe? America's attitude toward Turkey has been one of independence. One reason why American educational institutions in Turkey have been the foremost of that land is that traditionally America has followed her own policy with the Turks.

It is said that we must make this treaty or none. But what obliges America to accept any terms that Turkey insists upon? Why do we need to pay a heavy price to secure a new treaty with Turkey?

Is it that we are ready to confess that for the sake of some oil concession or commercial arrangements concerning a minute part of our foreign trade we are willing to acknowledge in writing a faith in Turkey that we do not have? Is it that we have so lost our sense of what is just and right between nations that for the sake of avoiding possible trouble we are willing to leave American interests to the discretion of the inefficient and dependent peoples to the mercy of the merciless?

When the choice is between the "honorable uncertainty" of the present situation and the "uncertain honor" of the treaty, to quote Bishop Brent's phrasing of the alternative, the Senate ought not to hesitate in its choice.

Treaty or no treaty, American citizens are entitled to the protection of their Government in their established rights. Mustapha Kemal and his associates, like Abdul Hamid before them, respect and understand only effective force. The American people, we believe, are not yet ready to withdraw the protection of their Government over their fellow-citizens in Turkey and to entrust them instead to the promises of the Turks.

Stop! Look! Listen! or Don't Read This

THERE is something to be said for the view of a certain sign-painter hailing from Houston, Texas, who insists that most of the cautionary signs throughout the country are based on a wrong psychology.

This sign-painter maintains that the average normal man confronted with the curt injunction to "Stop! Look! Listen!" is just naturally inclined to do the reverse. No one likes being ordered about, and the more insolent the order, the more surely should it fail of success. To the brutal snarl "Keep out! This means you!" there can, in the Texan's opinion, be but one answer from any real red-blooded man.

As to this we are in doubt. There is, for instance, the answer of the Englishman, "By Jove, how could they have known I was in town?" Still, the Texan psychologist's point of view is worth considering.

"Come Ahead. You're Unimportant!" "Try Our Engines. They Satisfy!"

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"Take a Chance. You Can Get Hit by a Train Only Once!"

He calls them "contra-suggestible" signs. Perhaps they might work. And then again perhaps they might not. There are always a certain number of flies ready to accept even the spider's invitation.

Newspaper Notes

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

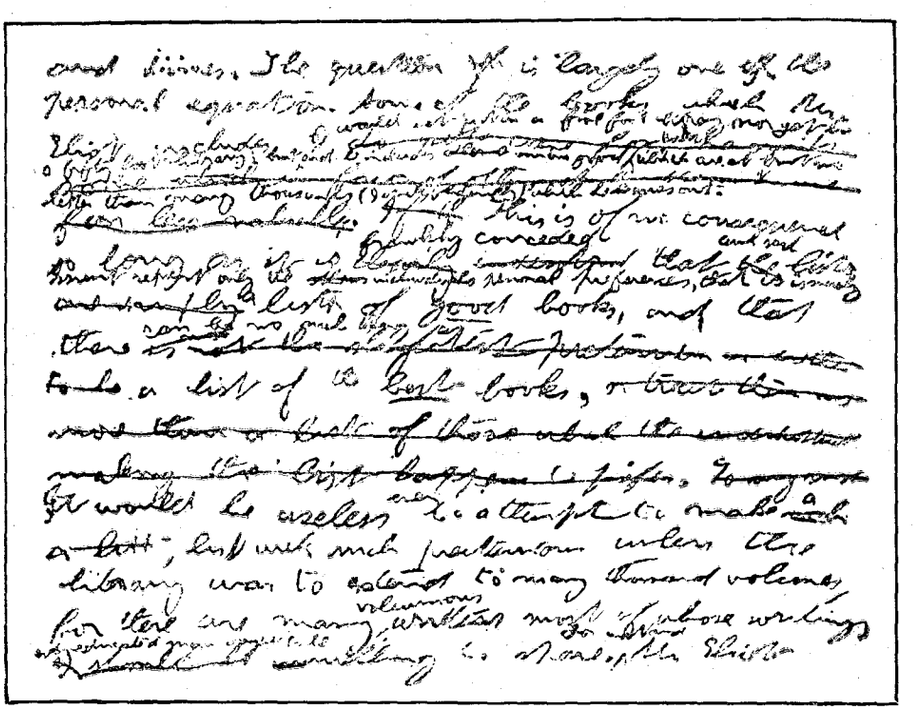
OCCASIONALLY a single issue of a daily newspaper will contain some items or articles of current news the chief interest of which lies, not in the present, but in recollections of the past which they conjure up. Such is the case with this morning's New York "Times." An Associated Press dispatch from Pittsburgh recalls Theodore Roosevelt, although it does not mention him. In an address on the relation of handwriting to mentality Dr. William T. Root, of the University of Pittsburgh, is reported to have said:

> Intelligent people think twenty times faster than they can write, and therefore muscular movement is so far behind the activity of the brain that the result is a poor scrawl. A person low in mentality has nothing else to think about but the shaping of his letters.

The case of Theodore Roosevelt substantiates Dr. Root's contention. His mind was a perfect geyser of thought. Ideas gushed from it in an almost overwhelming flood. But of all the men of first-rate ability that I have ever had anything to do with his handwriting was the most unformed and illegible. It had a distinctive character, but it was frequently almost indecipherable. When he was associated with The Outlook, I spent more than one vexatious hour, sometimes with the aid of a magnifying-glass and an expert proof and copy reader, in trying to puzzle out what he was endeavoring to say. When he used technical scientific terms, or words and phrases in foreign languages, a solution was well nigh impossible. More than once we had to wait until he could be appealed to himself to decode his hieroglyphics. Those who have his "Letters to His Children" at hand can get a little impression of the obscurities of his handwriting from an illustrated letter to his daughter which is reproduced in that American classic, although it is quite apparent that he took especial pains with this letter since it was written to a little girl. A better example of his illegibility is given in Lord Charnwood's "Life of Roosevelt," in which there is reproduced a holographic epistle to Lady Delamere that fills twelve pages of the book. The original document is in the memorabilia of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, on public view in Roosevelt House, one of the most interesting collections of Americana in the country. Roosevelt was quite aware of the peculiarities of his chirography. He used to tell with gusto a story which is related by Hermann Hagedorn in his "Roosevelt in the Bad Lands:"

> Roosevelt went [in 1886 when he was twenty-seven years old] with Merrifield west to the Coeur d'Alenes, in northern Idaho. . . . He was to meet a hunter named John Willis, who was to take him and Merrifield out after white goat. He had never met Willis, but his correspondence with him had suggested possibilities of interest besides the chase. Roosevelt had written Willis in July that he had heard of his success in pursuit of the game of the high peaks. "If I come out," he concluded, "do you think it will be possible for me to get a goat?"
>
> The answer he received was written on the back of his own letter and was quite to the point. "If you can't shoot any better than you can write, I don't think it will be."
>
> Roosevelt's reply came by wire. "Consider yourself engaged."

It may be added that Willis was ultimately convinced, like Dr. Root of Pittsburgh, that scrawling handwriting has no immediate relation with mentality. For after a famous and adventurous goat hunt he became a devoted admirer and follower of Roosevelt. Willis said to Hagedorn after Roosevelt's death: "He was a revelation to me. He was so well posted on everything. He was the first man that I had ever met that really knew anything. I had just been with a lot of roughnecks, cowpunchers, horse-thieves, and that sort. Roosevelt would explain things to me. He told me a lot of things."



A few lines from Roosevelt's manuscript of "The Pigskin Library"

ANOTHER dispatch in the same issue of the "Times" gives an account of a game of golf which was played at White Sulphur Springs recently by the veteran New York banker Mr. George F. Baker. The game consisted of four holes. It was not its brevity, however, that made it notable, but the fact that it was played on Mr. Baker's eighty-sixth birthday.

Honorable as this achievement is to Mr. Baker's vigor of mind and body, there is in the annals of golf a still more remarkable record. In 1904 I spent part of the summer in Scotland, and, among other things, visited and played over the

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Franz Kneisel, master of classical chamber music (who died on March 26), and Roger Wolfe Kahn, a leader in the world of jazz, find a common interest in the structure of a violin

famous course at St. Andrews, the home and green of the greatest figure in golfing literature, known affectionately as Old Tom Morris. The nick-name was given to him not in disrespect, for he was highly respected, but to distinguish him from his equally great son, Young Tom. That summer Old Tom had reached the ripe age of eighty-two and, just prior to my visit, had made a score of ninety-two over the eighteen holes of the championship course, observing every technicality and nicety of the game. Those who know St. Andrews can appreciate this unparalleled feat.

Old Tom was looked upon as a distinguished citizen of that ancient university town. His memory is still green there and stories about him are still current. He followed the rule which Mr. Baker says has enabled him to keep his body and mind fit: "Nothing but keeping sober and busy." Old Tom was an elder in the kirk and the most heinous sin he had to confess was that he too often missed a short putt. A visiting minister once preached in Old Tom's church much to the elder's satisfaction, and it was his official duty after the sermon to congratulate the preacher. He performed this function in the following appropriate terms: "Man, t'was a gran' sermon ye gave us; ye've missed nae short putts the day." His habitual tact and kindliness is illustrated by another story. On the occasion of a great medal tournament the Prince of Wales—it may have been the prince who afterwards became King Edward VII, but of this I am not sure—drove off the first ball in the presence of an impressive company of spectators. The Prince, somewhat unnerved by the terrors of the occasion, topped his ball which rolled pitifully along the turf only thirty or forty yards, although straight for the hole. Everybody was aghast, the Prince most of all. But Old Tom stepped into the breach and saved the day by blandly exclaiming: "Ay! Your Highness, but that was a bonnie direction."

Sunday golf is taboo at St. Andrews. When a visitor complained that this strict rule of prohibition deprived him of his game, Old Tom replied: "Weel, man, the links require a rest o' Sundays if the gowfers do not." It was not only Old Tom's skill and achievements as a golfer but his personal character that led Lord Balfour to call him "the most distinguished professional of the nineteenth century."

THE issue of the "Times" which has occasioned these rambling remarks contains a tribute to another great professional, the late Franz Kneisel. Those who used to frequent the concerts of the Kneisel Quartet in Mendelsohn Hall will join in this tribute with heartfelt appreciation. Mendelsohn Hall passed into the limbo of forgotten temples many years ago. Its pleasing mural decorations, its unique arrangement of seats, and its admirable acoustic properties made it a perfect place for chamber music, the like of which New York may hardly hope to see again for many years to come. It was ruthlessly destroyed in New York's mad rush for profitable skyscrapers. Here Franz Kneisel and his three colleagues educated New Yorkers in a love of the finest kind of chamber music. Kneisel was not only an accomplished violinist, but he was a devoted educator. His audiences, too, were unusual, it seems to me, as I look back on them. They were composed of music lovers of the very best taste and manners. The regular frequenters came to know each other, by sight if not in personal intercourse. The concerts were in the best sense social functions, that is to say, occasions on which people of intelligence and cultivation were drawn together by their common interest in a great and beautiful art. I was shocked the other day at the transitoriness of beautiful things when I discovered that a young lady of education and musical taste with whom I was talking had never

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even heard before of Franz Kneisel or Mendelsohn Hall. Perhaps this was because she was born in New York only about twenty years ago.

But it is the ordinary fate of virtuosi to be forgotten. Only the great creative artist can hope for enduring posthumous fame. If Beethoven had remained, as he was in his youth, the greatest pianist of his time, his name would probably mean no more to the present generation than that of the famous violinist, Rudolph Kreutzer, to whom he dedicated one of his best-known violin sonatas. And yet there was a time when Kreutzer had a wider artistic fame than Beethoven himself. How many of those who have heard Kneisel and his colleagues play the Beethoven quartets are aware that some of the best of them were written for the greatest European chamber music organization of his time, the Rasoumowsky Quartet. The quartets are remembered; the Quartet is forgotten.

The League at Its Worst

Staff Correspondence from Geneva

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN
The Outlook's Editor in Europe

THIS morning, at the closing session of the League of Nations Assembly, there were a dozen speakers. Though each tried to sound the note of hope as much as possible, each had to deliver a funeral oration. Then came the turn of the last speaker. He was no distinguished statesman, like Sir Austen Chamberlain, M. Briand, and others who had preceded him. He was just a simple Albanian, short, rather Oriental looking, and with a suspicion of having known savagery in other years as well as civilization. Yet his speech was the bluntest and the most courageous of all—including Dr. Nansen's. That Arctic explorer had hinted that, in the settlement of the great question at issue, all of the League machinery had not been used. The Albanian went further and, charging that the question had never been debated in an Assembly plenary session, suggested that it should be then and there. But Senhor da Costa, the President, proceeded at once to a vote on the motion before the house.

That question concerned the enlargement of the Council, that other house of the League, composed of relatively few members. The reason why the matter had not been allowed to come before the Assembly, so critics of France claim, was because she was not sure of getting a two-thirds vote for the candidacy of a Council seat for her protégée, Poland. I can obtain, however, no confirmation of this allegation.

At all events, there had been deception, disunion, and disaster, mostly due to incredible lack of preparation. It is perhaps fruitless to try to fix the individual responsibility.

What a contrast, this crisis of 1926 with the oratorical symphony of 1924 at Geneva and of 1925 at Locarno! On each occasion, men congratulated themselves with exceeding joy; they thought they had found formulas destined to appease all differences, to make all negotiations easy. Arbitration, security, armament limitation—all seemed in sight.

If there were exaggerations in the transports of enthusiasm of 1924 and 1925, there were certainly exaggerations to-day in the sentiments of despair as the delegates gathered. One could almost imagine them the employees of funeral directors ready to put crape on the doors both of Geneva and Locarno. From this state of mind the words of sturdy hope later spoken, alongside the accents of mourning, saved their hearers.

It is useless to go to extremes. Even its enemies will admit that the work of Geneva, certainly the work of Locarno, cannot be destroyed in a day.

What the Spaniards Say

To meet the demands of international life, especially since the event of Locarno, the League Council needs enlargement. The question, however, goes back further than Locarno. It dates from the time when Spain first submitted her request for a permanent seat on the Council. Since then, other nations have had the same ambition, notably Poland and Brazil. A Spaniard said the other day:

"In 1921 we asked for a permanent seat. All the Councillors, save one, then favored us, and justly, because, of all the non-permanent members of the Council, we had the best right to a permanent seat. In the War we were the largest neutral Power on the European continent. Since then, of the non-permanent members, we have given the least trouble and have rendered the greatest service. We are not affected by any Locarno promises. So we must defend our rights by drastic methods, and, if those rights are disdained, we will have to quit the League."

What the Brazilians Say

THE Brazilians say: "We are the most important representatives of the New World. We cover more territory than is comprised in the mainland of the United States of America. But if it should ever become a League member, we would cede to it the permanent seat on the Council, to which we have a right to aspire. We would like to see Germany have a permanent seat also and have assured her to that effect. But we have not thought thereby to weaken our own demand. If a permanent place is not now granted us, we will have to veto Germany's demand. We feel as strongly as that, you see. You can choose, gentlemen, Germany or us. Better make it Germany *and* us!"

What the Poles Say

THE Poles say: "We are not yet Council members, like Spain and Brazil, but if we do not now obtain at least a non-permanent seat, there will be a crisis in Europe. And why? Because, first, of all the countries not now represented on the Council, Poland is the most interested in those burning questions of the day which might very easily lead to war. She is right in the thick of them. Second, because there is much greater danger than you think of the spread of Bolshevism with us. Third, because, with Germany a member of the Council, the adjournment of our request to the annual election in September, instead of granting it now, would play Germany's game. Certainly she would make us pay dear for the privilege of not being vetoed by her."

What the Other Members Say

THE Swedes and other Scandinavians, the Dutch and the Swiss stoutly affirm that "the Council is good just as it is. It rests on a principle of proper

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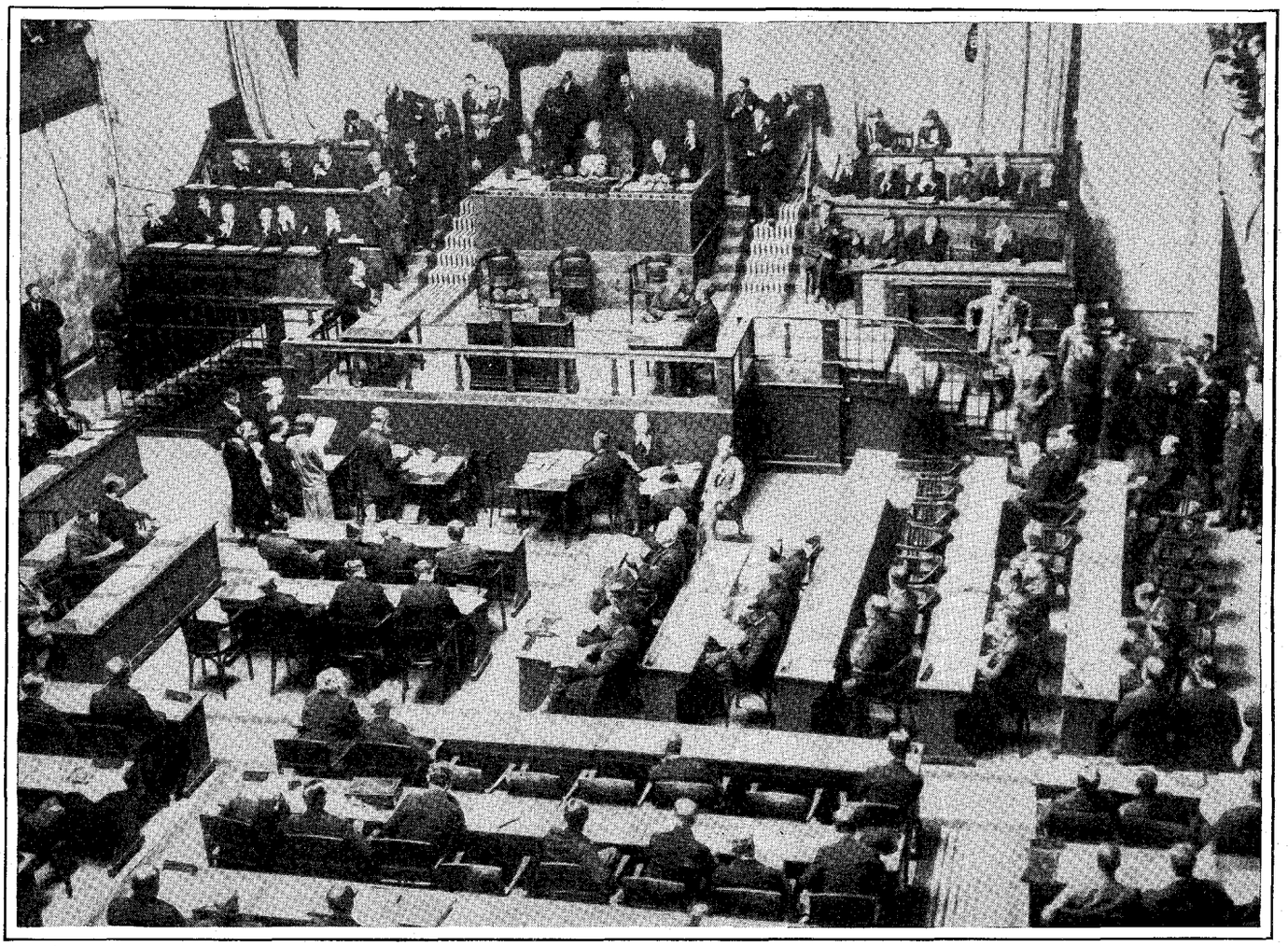

Keystone

The recent meeting in the Assembly Hall of the League of Nations where the plans for the admission of Germany came to naught

proportion. It will be quite large enough with the addition of Germany. If we add even another member, where will the claims end? It would be practically impossible to resist some of them. A large Council would be not only an unworkable body, but would diminish the rights of the Assembly."

On the other hand, the English delegates, the French, Italian, Japanese, Czechoslovak, Jugoslav, and others, as I have heard them, assert that "in opposing any enlargement of the Council before being admitted there, the Germans are attacking the rights of other nations, who have decided that the Council is too small. Moreover, it is a humiliation for the League to be limited in the exercise of its own rights. Nevertheless, as Germany was not sufficiently informed of the proposed enlargement, we do not want to have her feel that we have been disloyal. Let us see then what we can do."

What the Germans Say

CERTAINLY, the German Government had no notion of entering any League or League Council (to both of which she was assured of entrance) than that then constituted. Above all, it had no notion of entering alongside Poland. "What," said a German the other day, "the idea of our great Fatherland going in alongside a phantom state like Poland. Absurd!"

He added: "As to the others, Spain and Brazil, why could not they rein in their ambitions for the moment so as not to disturb the moral victory seen by every one in our act of entry? The menaces of those states seem to us like blackmail—that of Poland in pretending that, if she is refused representation in the Council, she may respond favorably to Russian advances; that of Spain in threatening to leave the League if she does not now get a permanent seat; finally, that of Brazil, in a similar exigency, actually daring to veto our application, after having, in 1924, assured us of her favor!

"We now know enough about League machinery to realize that the delay and the crisis have been quite independent of our entry. Indeed, such a delay and such a crisis might have arisen, we see, at any time. So it is not our fault, if we have been invited to come to Geneva on the occasion of the most ridiculous, yet, at the same time, the gravest scene of League household affairs. Our only criticism is: 'Why wash family linen in public?'

"We stay here not because we love the League so much, but because we love Locarno more. Our entry is the center of gravity of that policy. We do not want to fail just because of a question of League domestic procedure."

Another representative, General von Deimling, also talked in the vernacular during my half-hour's conversation with him the other night. "I who speak, a soldier, having led my forces throughout the war," he said, "I know the horror of it. We want no more of it. The world wants no more. So I joined myself sometime since to the other men I could find of good will and of desire for international accord, in the conviction that the way of safety and prosperity for Germany lay in co-operating, as far as possible, with the Völkerbund—the title we give to the League of Nations and one of larger significance, it seems to me. With time my conviction has only grown. But this I must admit, never has the League afforded such a humiliating spec-

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tacle as now. After having been invited here, as to a great party composed of great men, we have been kept standing in the vestibule, hat in hand, for ten days. That is shameful enough for our self-respect. Moreover, every day's delay has given ammunition to the League's enemies in the Fatherland. They are many and fierce. Surely, our delegates' patience has been put to a rude test.

"If we are not now admitted to membership, we must encounter objections at home far more redoubtable than any we have yet met. Suppose—which God forbid!—a new war breaks out. Think you the ultimate fault will be ours, as you claim for the late war? No, perhaps you may find it right here at Geneva."

A Proper Working Body

REGARDING the enlargement of the Council there are two opinions:

The first comes from those who, following Woodrow Wilson, believe in the League just as it is, as they might in some new religion, and hence, who look upon any change in the League Covenant as being nothing less than a sacrilege. Yet there is really nothing unchangeable in that Covenant, not even the famous Article X!

The second opinion comes chiefly from the seven states represented in the Locarno agreements—Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Germany. M. Briand, French Foreign Minister, said to us the other day: "We who framed the Locarno pact cannot forget that it calls for Germany's entry into the League. All our efforts then should tend to reconcile this necessity with other Powers' legitimate interests."

Finally, the following solution was agreed upon:

1. The immediate admission of Germany.

2. The adjournment of the question of permanent seats to the September meeting.

3. The substitution of non-permanent places, by accepting the resignation from the Council, unselfishly offered, of Sweden and Czechoslovakia, and electing instead Poland and Holland, the latter so that the transaction might be easier for Germany. This solution would also please the opponents of enlargement by not increasing the number of non-permanent seats.

Last night all was supposed to be in smooth working order. But men were reckoning wrongly. Brazil maintained her threat of veto. This morning I heard her delegate, Senhor de Mello Franco, repeat it. The game was up. But Germany did not withdraw her request.

My colleagues in the press gallery began to query: "Who is behind Brazil, strengthening her hand? Germany, after all? Or France?" No one seemed to know.

Finally a wag said, "Perhaps the Brazilian's name is really not Mello, but Mellolini." I repeat that gibe for what it is worth. It may be worth nothing at all.

Geneva, March 17, 1926.

The Deadly Driver

Staff Correspondence from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

ONE hundred and ten million people in the United States are possible victims of the automobile. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, if the total population is estimated at 110,000,000, that 109,999,999 of these are likely to be struck at any time. The one who is not likely to be thus subtracted from the total population is a rural philosopher upon whose hermitage I stumbled not long ago and who confided to me that "this country is pretty near plumb ruined by these here automobiles." "There's hardly ever a day," he continued, "but what at least one of them things passes here." That man, with due diligence, may be fairly certain of dodging death until it comes upon him naturally. The rest of us cannot be half-way certain of doing it.

But some forty million of those endangered constitute the danger—that is to say, all of the people are pedestrians and nearly forty per cent of them are automobile drivers. There are, approximately, twenty million motor vehicles in the United States. Each of them has at least one driver, and half of them, according to Secretary Hoover, have two alternating drivers. Quite a few of them have a multiplicity of drivers, limited only by the membership and intimate friends of the families in which they are owned. Add to this the somewhat numerous fraternity of the Diligent and Deadly Order of Rent a Car and Wreck it Yourself, together with certain other groups of occasional drivers, and you have the total of forty million.

The Prayer of Forty Million is not exactly the prayer of that title which Horace Greeley sent to Abraham Lincoln. It is a prayer for liberty, yes; but for the sacred somewhat, recently much glorified, called personal liberty. That, being interpreted, means the right to do as you gol-darn please, regardless of anybody else. It means the right to drive as fast as you like, which means as fast as you can. It means the right to drive when you have had a few drinks, which means the right to drive when you are drunk. Of course, it does not mean just that in all cases. A lot of drivers travel somewhat less rapidly than their cars would take them. Others stay decently indoors when drunk. The great majority have the sincere desire to drive in such manner as not to endanger the lives of themselves or others. But every driver, left to his own devices, feels the impulse at one time or another to do something not entirely safe. Don't I know? I am a careful driver, duly licensed to operate both flivvers and gear-shift cars. I do not think any traffic policeman ought ever to arrest me—and none ever has—because I always try not only to obey the laws, but to take no chances even within the law. Yet there is never a night when, smoking my bedtime pipe, I check over my itinerary for the day but that I recall some point at which I felt the impulse to take a chance on breaking my own neck if not of smashing somebody else. And there is never a night, either, but that I can recall at least a dozen pedestrians who appeared to be daring me to bump them into eternity.

About 24,000 were, in fact, killed by automobiles last year. There appears to be no hope that the number will be fewer this year.

WHAT is to be done about it? With fully seventy-five per cent of the adult population, including Indians not taxed, driving automobiles regularly or irregularly, and with the entire population, including infants in arms, in the way of the whizzing wheels, how are we to make our streets and highways safe?

The answer apparently is that we cannot do it. The National Conference on Street and Highway Safety, called into being by Secretary of Commerce Hoover,

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has had the best specially trained minds of the Nation at work on the problem. And now the Conference is dissolved, not to meet again, its work given into other hands, dissolved with the expression of the hope that automobile accidents will not increase in the future as rapidly as they have in the past and of the possibility that they may not increase at all.

The Conference recently held its final session in Washington with a thousand persons in attendance. They came from practically all the States of the Union. They represented all the classes of people who may be expected to have expert knowledge of automobiles, of the roads on which they run, of the traffic conditions they must meet, and of human nature as it manifests itself with relation to automobiles. There were highway and traffic officials of States and municipalities, officers of automobile organizations, chiefs of police, officials of railroads and traction lines, of manufacturers of automobiles and automobile appliances, highway and mechanical engineers, psychologists, representatives of the Governors of forty-three States.

IT is not worth while trying to tell what the Conference said and did. It was a very earnest and outspoken conference. It was animated by a sincere desire to do all that can be done toward making the streets and highways safe. It had before it the reports of six or eight committees, and those committees had worked diligently, by scientific methods, for fifteen months to determine just what could be done toward making sure that fewer persons will be killed and injured by automobiles. The Conference has determined, through its committees and otherwise, what can be done and how it should be done. It has not attempted the doing of any of those things and will not attempt it, for the Conference ceased to exist at the end of the Washington meeting.

The Conference believed that it had done everything that, as a National conference, it could do. "In the development of the program," said the final report, "it was necessary and appropriate that effort should be centralized through this Conference and its committees. Now, however, the problem remaining, that of putting the program into effect, is of a different character and progress can best be made by co-operative effort of the various associations and groups represented in the Conference to secure the adoption of definite parts of the Conference program."

Those definite parts are these: The adoption of as nearly as possible uniform traffic laws and regulations; adequate and uniform enforcement of laws and regulations; education of the public, adult and juvenile, as to the dangers of the automobile and how to avoid them; the collection of statistics so that the nature of automobile accidents may be understood; the study of causes of accidents; improvement in design and maintenance of motor vehicles; the development of adequate street and highway traffic facilities; the elimination and protection of grade crossings.

THE dissolution of the Conference does not mean that all machinery for the carrying out of the program has been junked. In fact, the old machinery is put out of the way in order to make room for newer and more adequate machinery. For each of the "definite parts" mentioned in the preceding paragraph, an execution committee is to be created to secure co-operation among the groups concerned. Each execution committee is expected to develop a detailed plan for carrying out its part of the program. A general committee is to be appointed by the Secretary of Commerce to co-ordinate the entire work. And then the work is to be done, not in Washington, but in the States, the municipalities, the neighborhoods where it is needed. Secretary Hoover sees in this plan a new conception of government—"not government from a central authority," he said in closing the Conference, "but government by stimulation of the local community to its responsibilities and the education of the local community to intelligent action." "That to me," he concluded, "is a far wiser, a far greater solution than the constant drive to centralize the Government of the United States."

It is better, theoretically. All of us cherish the tradition of local self-government. But are we really capable of local self-government? Can we achieve a uniformity of principle and of practice, necessary to any tolerable measure of safety, that will leave us yet our local liberties? The test is upon us anew by this carefully worked-out program of safety.

We have paid enough for the automobile already. We are putting into it every year more than we put into the building, furnishing, and upkeeping of our homes. We have given to it already more lives than we have ever given to war. Can we afford to add to that price the failure of our great experiment in democracy?

Be assured that, unless we are capable of governing ourselves to the extent of refraining from daily massacre on the highways, the strong hand of centralized government will be laid upon us. Secretary Hoover, even in the moment of his exaltation in his new concept of government, declared that the present situation is one that as a great people we cannot longer tolerate. Unless we can govern ourselves in this matter, we shall ultimately have automobile prohibition laws probably much more difficult to enforce and certainly more galling in the enforcement than are the liquor prohibition laws.

The burden is upon the individual community and upon the individual citizen. The program worked out by the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety is, perhaps, not a perfect program, but it is the best program available. It will require adaptation to the community. An instance of the necessity for that—and a surprising instance—is found in the fact that opposition to punishing pedestrians for violations of traffic regulations came, in the Conference, almost exclusively from the New York City and Chicago delegations. The smaller cities have found that it works. These two very large cities have apparently satisfied themselves that it will not work for them. But the smaller places overrode the very large ones and pedestrian regulation is a part of the program. A hundred other illustrations might be cited of the necessity for local adjustment to general principles.

BUT every citizen interested in what his community is to do ought to be familiar with those general principles. They are contained in two sets of committee reports and in two general reports of the Conferences. The committee reports to the First Conference are still practically as applicable as they were when made. Their subjects are: Statistics, Traffic Control, Construction and Engineering, City Planning and Zoning, Insurance, Education, Motor Vehicle, Public Relations. The reports to the Second Conference amplified and applied the work of the first. Their subjects are: Uniformity of Laws and Regulations, Enforcement, Causes of Accidents, Metropolitan Traffic Facilities, Statistics, Public Relations.

All of the reports are printed in substantial pamphlet form and copies may be had from the United States Department of Commerce or from the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, both located in Washington.

If we are to meet this latest test in self-government, citizens ought to secure and study the reports dealing with those phases of the problem to the solution of which they may be able to contribute anything.

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Kulture and Kansas

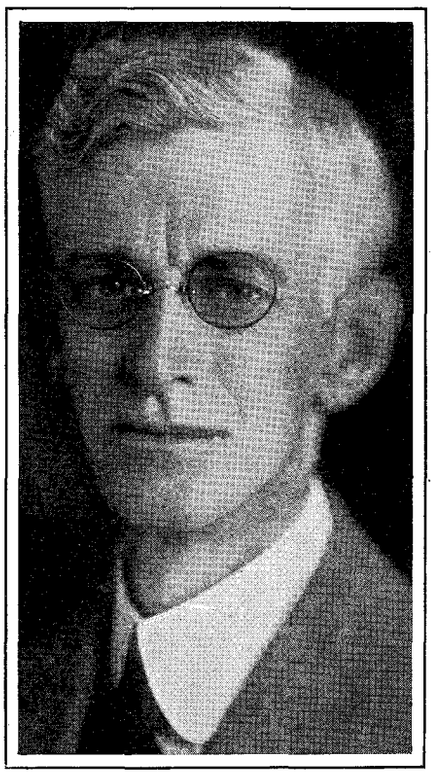
The Emancipated University of the Free State

By GEORGE MARVIN

THE distinctive thing about the University of Kansas is visible. It is a tangible thing of bronze and stone, standing before the fluted Ionian columns of the Law School and canopied by the elms of Mount Oread: the statue of Uncle Jimmy Green—*"To his friendly spirit."*

At Nashville, Tennessee, Commodore Vanderbilt poses in bronze before the University his earned millions founded after the Civil War "to strengthen the ties which should exist between all sections of our common country." Lincoln broods colossally down the slanting glade of Wisconsin's campus at Madison, and an unpedestaled Washington rests firmly on the ground for the University that bears his name in Seattle. At Lexington, Virginia, Stonewall Jackson stands high up and takes the sunset full in face before the gate of "V. M. I.," while near at hand the recumbent effigy of Robert E. Lee makes of the University where he taught a shrine of the Confederacy. Statues of founders, of great Americans, figures symbolical of the arts or aspirations of educational institutions, represent in their several ways the groups of seekers after knowledge and the more abundant life who gave and placed them there. Sometimes it is a symbol of Alma Mater in her entirety as she is or as her generations of sons and daughters believe and wish her to be. Other times it is some one clear thought apart; Jim McConnell, of the Lafayette Escadrille, rising in winged victory from the lawn of "Virginia," or the solitary shaft commemorating Horace Mann in his grove of "Antioch." Somewhere between, partaking of both these symbolical impulses, is the group that the graduates and undergraduates of "Kansas" have set up on the acropolis of Mount Oread at Lawrence in memory of the well-beloved Dean of their College of Law—"To his friendly spirit."

The University of Kansas gave to the Great War 128 of her sons. Honoring them, three structures now rise on "the Hill" at Lawrence, three separate manifestations of the same tribute paid by the undergraduates, graduates, and friends of the University who have subscribed approximately a million dollars to the Memorial Fund. One of these is the inevitable stadium, which seems to have become an essential to spectacular intercollegiate sport since the alumni of the class of '79 gave the first one to Harvard College twenty-five years ago. The second is a Memorial Union building, now in course of construction; and the third is—the distinctive thing. Over the length and breadth of the land it is hard to find now an educational institution of quantitative importance without a stadium built, generally, with some architectural reference to the original classical



"It is too much to say that Chancellor Lindley *is* the University, but he has been since 1920 its reinvigorating life"

structure at Athens, but principally used for performances that are in character far more Roman than Greek. "Unions" in many universities represent concretely the desirability of integrating the institution as a whole. California and Connecticut, Virginia, Minnesota, Illinois, Washington—it would be much easier to mention the unstadiumized—have stadia. Michigan, Harvard, and, very notably, Toronto have Unions. Only Kansas has an Uncle Jimmy Green statue.

That statue stands for something more than the dead Dean, something Uncle Jimmy Green himself stood for all the years of his long service to the University. Of him it might be truly said, as of the "Persoun" in the Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales:"

> But Cristes lore and his apostles twelve
> He taughte, but first he follwed it himselve.

The statue is a group symbolical of his mission as well as a literal, very evident, commemoration of the man himself. The Dean stands with his hand on the shoulder of a young undergraduate. In bronze, as he was by thousands in life, that boy is his "neighbor" of the New Testament, not merely the vizualized objective of a paid job. "He used to bring his lunch, and the boys brought theirs, and they talked." He went everywhere with the football team, not as a fan, but as their friend more loyal in defeat than in victory. Uncle Jimmy Green saw his daily job as a twenty-four-hour opportunity. That he believed, as others like him here and there in Kansas and elsewhere still believe, is the only true conception of teaching. It is a kind of ministry. It is the kind of teaching that has died out or is fast passing out of style in the enormous quantity-production educational factories booming in the United States.

Such institutions as Dartmouth, Reed College in Oregon, Princeton, Vanderbilt University, even, in Tennessee—not to be invidious—have determined and dare to be small in size, continuing to hitch such wagons of brains and money as they may command to the star of an education that shall be liberal in kind and in effect. Many of the others have begun to lift their voices in the boosting chorus of the cities, pinning their faith to population figures and pointing to buildings as conclusive evidence of progress.

In the matter of numbers State universities must not be judged without regard to the conditions of their foundation and maintenance. Their selective hands are tied. Kansas, like the rest, must admit all comers from the State. No very effective bars may be legally raised against admission, although each State institution, with varying degrees of severity, restricts its active membership. Under Chancellor Lindley it is easy to get into K. U., but hard to stay there, and harder still to leave with the blessing of the University engraved durably upon a piece of parchment.

Kansas, in common with other State institutions where free or economical education may be obtained, has boomed with the heavy *post-bellum* increase of students and suffered from the consequent need for room and additional staff and the tremendous rise in the price level of most commodities. Enrollment for 1924–5 was 5,222; in 1918 it was a little

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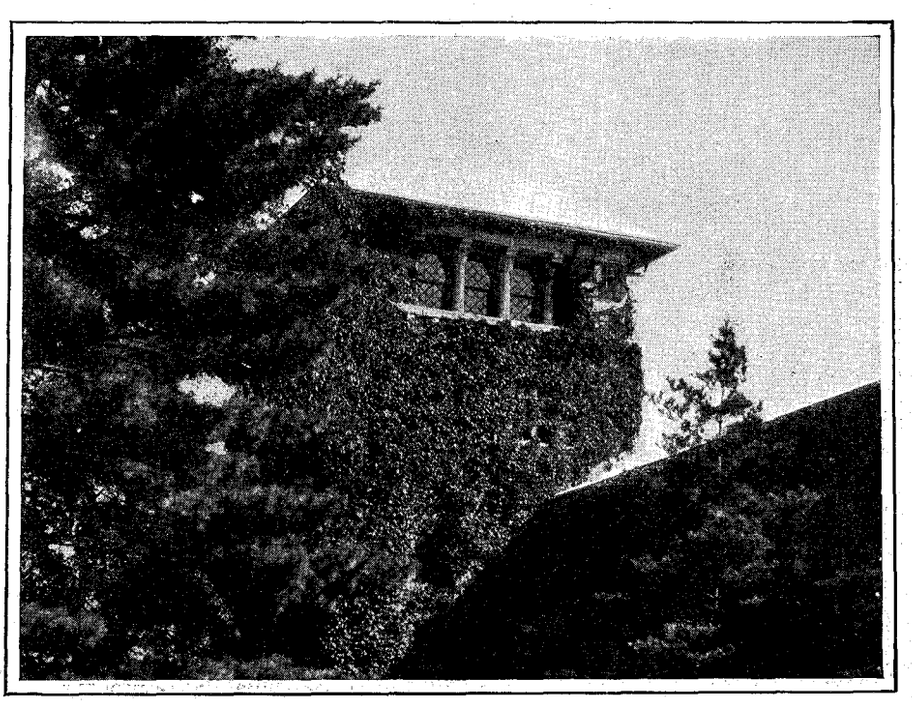
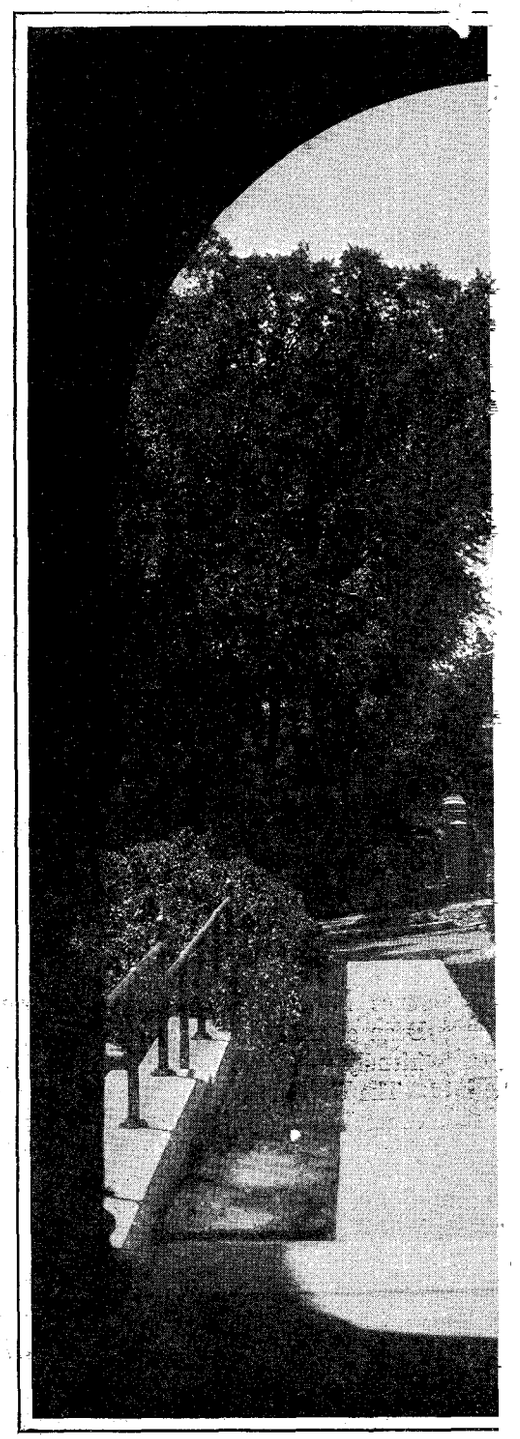
over three thousand. In the last ten years it has increased sixty-seven per cent. But Kansas, besieged by numbers, has suffered less than some of its sister institutions from the contagious disease of size. The test, the "low-down," of teaching is what passes over from the edge of the teacher's platform to the front row of student benches. That space may be a gulf or a causeway. A professor may address seven hundred merged young identities from a lecture platform for an hour without imparting anything. In sections of eight at West Point there must be an exact precipitate every day of just what has been given from teacher to taught. These are the two extremes. Kansas has its quota of time-servers in Faculty and student body. Its instructional shortcomings are acknowledged to be many. It is threatened by the shredded-wheat idea of educational product. But the University puts up a struggle to be the independent expression of a free and friendly community, and as a sign-manual of its faith it has set up this human effigy of a desirable thing, a hoped-for thing, a thing believed in and striven for in education for life.

With the exception of Wisconsin, no university more in function belongs to its State than Kansas. But with this difference: probably no State in the Union is to such an extent permeated by its university as is Wisconsin. To a lesser extent does the University of Kansas seep into the soil and the life of the commonwealth. It has never been used, as "Old Bob" La Follette used Wisconsin, in the political handling of the State, never been to the same extent a member of the body politic. On the other hand, Kansas has for its University very keenly the feeling of ownership. It is the University of the people of Kansas. Characteristically the free State looks on its University and its Government in the same mood; both belong to the State considered collectively, and therefore the voters take an interest in them and value them as they would any other costly personal property. Advantages and disadvantages derive from this relationship; in the attitude of the sovereign people towards its chattel there has sometimes been an unwillingness to spoil the child by sparing the rod. Whom it loveth it chasteneth.

Up to a year ago there was also this reciprocating difference between the State Universities of Kansas and Wisconsin: if "Wisconsin" permeated the body civic and politic, politics permeated "Kansas." A year ago the Democratic Governor of Kansas deposed Chancellor Lindley "at pleasure" for causes of partisan politics, and the highest Court of the State upheld his prerogative so to act under existing statutory law. This act was the culmination of a series of incidents which, taken together, constituted an object-lesson in the disastrous effects of the association of politics with education. The matter was well aired in the press of Kansas and in journalistic comment throughout the Nation. The sense of indignation aroused was almost unanimous. Kansas had its great opportunity, and took it. The people of Kansas went to the mat on the issue of politics and education. They also went to the polls, male and female after their kind. Ben S. Paulen, the Republican successor of Governor Davis, was elected largely on the educational plank in his platform; he took office on January 12, and on the following day Chancellor Lindley was reinstated. The former Board of Administration, consisting of the Governor himself, as *ex-officio* chairman, and three paid members appointed by the Governor and responsive to his whim, reconstituted in personnel and continued as a body with jurisdiction over "the penal, charitable, and eleemosynary institutions of the State," was yanked away from any further direction of the University and other institutions of higher education in Kansas. A new act of a Legislature responsive to their aroused constituencies created a State Board of nine Regents who now serve without pay but with a lively sense of their responsibility to the



Kansas has provided an object-lesson in the association of politics with education which has been profitably observed by educational institutions throughout the country



The buildings of the University crown the rising over the small town of Lawrence

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people and the University that belongs non-partisanly to the people.

When the smoke had cleared away, a pretty general conviction stole over Kansas that the publicity of the show-down had had a beneficial effect upon the whole educational fabric in the State as well as upon similar relationships in other States where universities are regulated and supported through legislative enactment. It was a cultural reply from all over the State to a political challenge from Topeka; a victory by Kansas for "Kansas."

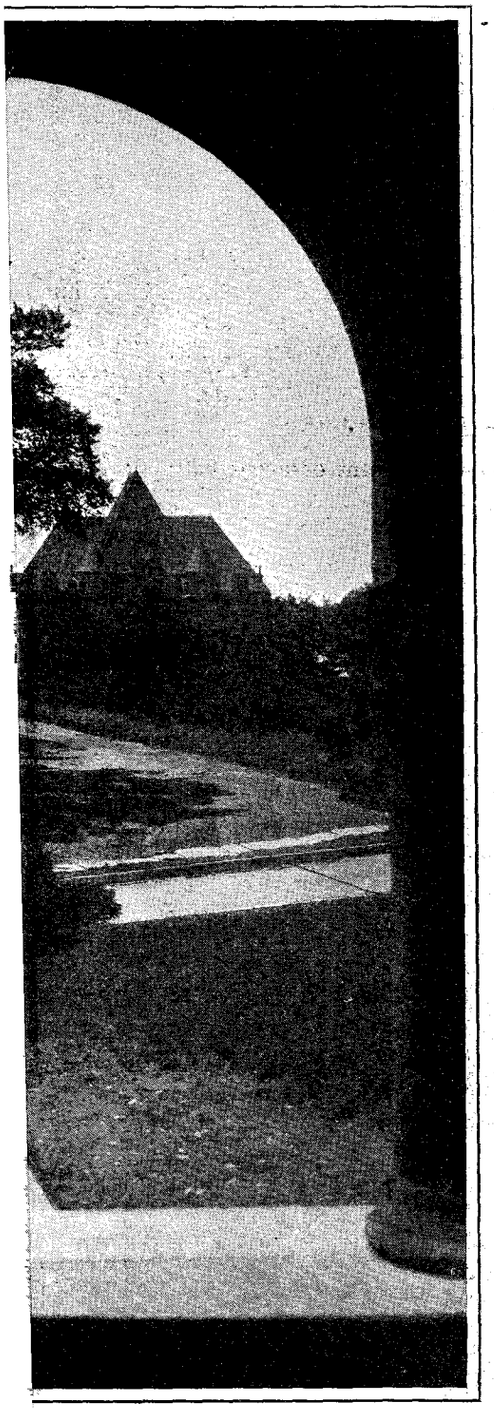
It is not, however, the conclusive victory it ought to be. The irreconcilable Democrats in the Missouri Valley, who still cling to ex-Governor Davis's skirts in something of the desperate fashion that Hylanders stuck to "Hizzoner's" coat-tails after the last Mayoralty election in New York, will try to capitalize any break that may occur under the new administration. And the new Regent law is only statutory, and therefore subject to repeal. Kansas ought to write it, with emphasizing amendments, into its Constitution. A recurrence of the Davis episode, which has established a healthy precedent, ought to be impossible.

It is too much to say, as some of his friends do, that Ernest Hiram Lindley, Ph.D., *is* the University. But he has been, since his inauguration in 1920, the reinvigorating life of the University. These six years his administrative policies have been in keeping with the emancipation of the University from political vassalage, for which principle he played temporarily the rôle of chief sacrifice. Surrounding himself with a group of vigorous men on his faculties, and holding them up and vitalizing them by example to a vigorous conception of their separate opportunities, he is doing his share towards making the profession of teaching a high calling. It so happened that in the very days when Governor Davis was dragging Chancellor Lindley from office the University of Kansas was reverently doing honor in memorial services to William Herbert Carruth, for more than thirty years a member of the faculty of Liberal Arts and Sciences and for a decade Vice-Chancellor of the University.

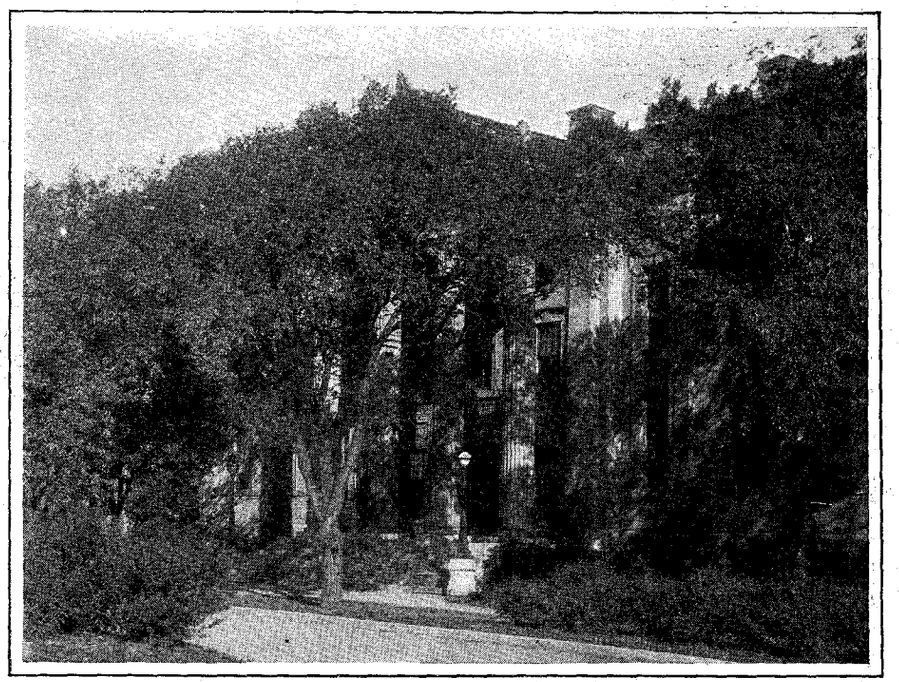
Like Uncle Jimmy Green, Carruth believed that nothing but one's best was ever good enough. To him, in his treasured relations with successive classes of young men progressing through the University, their best, no matter how poor, was always acceptable. All of himself he gave to the fulfilling of his privilege as he saw it. His handling of his duties, whatever came to him, routine and extra-routine, in his administrative office and in his chair of German, was flawless. But that was the minimum of his service. His house was as open as his lecture hall or his recitation-room or his office. For him there were no prescribed hours on or off duty, because duty did not define or prescribe his work in the world. He thought no service too menial for his hands to perform—clearing snow from the sidewalks, sweeping the floor, stoking the furnace of the Unitarian church. On Sundays boys went to that church partly to see his happy face and hear his clear voice in the choir. And so he was a great teacher.

Kansas responds "to his friendly spirit" too, as it does in the engraved words on the pedestal of Uncle Jimmy Green's monument, and in the same spirit in which it stands by Chancellor Lindley in its clearer conception now of the place and the function of a university in the State. In tribute to these men and others of their kind the alumni and the undergraduates and the eager thought of the free State of Kansas find utterance in the words of a graduate of the class of '93:

"Many fine and able men and women have given the best that was in them, through long years, to the building, not alone of the tangible and visible University of Kansas, but to the shaping of that intangible and invisible thing of the spirit which to her sons and daughters has a significance, yes, and a dearness, beyond any that can attach even to academic walls and roofs."



t of Mount Oread, a natural acropolis
f the few heights of land in Kansas



The Law School canopied in New England elms. Before this building now stands the statue of "Uncle Jimmy" Green, its late well-beloved Dean

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Bootlegged Aliens

By Remsen Crawford

Bootlegged liquor may poison one generation of Americans; bootlegged aliens may poison a hundred. Let's face the facts concerning the flagrant violation of our policy of restricted immigration

THEY tell us from Washington that immigration is no longer the Nation's unsolved problem; that the quota laws have restricted the inflow of foreigners to our National needs; that the new plan of hand-picking immigrants abroad is working admirably; and that Ellis Island is scheduled for the scrap-heap.

Glad news this—that is, to the general public, which takes no more than a casual interest in public affairs. But to the earnest student of the Nation's greatest of problems, to the person in quest of the plain truth about immigration, and, particularly to the non-partisan, unbiased mind of a man who has spent the last five years in daily contact with the immigrants and the enforcers of the law at the Ellis Island gateway, as the writer of this article has done, these optimistic statements grow vexatious for the nothingness they convey.

IN the first place, the very closing of the front door while every back door and window of the Republic is left wide open has resulted in a stampede of truly "undesirables" to the borders. When the annual total of these smuggled aliens is added to the number lawfully admitted at ports of entry, there is room for doubt whether the "restrictive policy" is restricting any more than prohibition is prohibiting. It must be admitted by all thinking men and women, whether of the so-called "old American stock" or more lately arrived from foreign shores, that the "bootlegged alien" who has never been inspected for disease, but who has merged himself into the population of this country, is a greater menace than the "bootlegged bottle," however poisoned the latter may be.

Let it be said to the credit of Congress that a Nation-wide investigation is under way to arrive at the true situation. Representative Albert Johnson, from the State of Washington, who is Chairman of the House Committee on Immigration, author of the Johnson Bill, or two per centum limit law, now in operation, and foremost of the restrictionists, has called upon twenty-nine immigration commissioners or district directors to furnish accurate information as to how many aliens are scattered about the country and how much money it will take to deport them. Replies thus far received have revealed a scandalous situation. Hundreds of thousands have sneaked into the country without inspection. Many are diseased and soon or late fall into the sanitariums. Others are criminals and are picked up in jails and penitentiaries. The Prison Commissioner of New York State has figured it out that twenty-three per cent of the criminal population of New York is composed of these deportable aliens.

Secretary of Labor James J. Davis has said that there must be a million of these aliens in the United States who have no right to be here. Commissioner-General Harry E. Hull, of the Immigration Bureau, checking up, has said 1,300,000. Nobody really knows how many, but the most conservative estimate is that 175,000 aliens annually sneak over the borders or come here as seamen and desert the steamers when allowed to go ashore.

Government statistics, therefore, no matter how accurately kept at the ports of entry, are a matter of neither here nor there. They show that 294,000 was the total of net immigration the last fiscal year, but to this must be added 175,000 of smuggled aliens and many others, such as "visitors" who are exempt from the quotas as "non quota" immigrants; and when these are added to those lawfully admitted it will be seen that the grand total of annual immigration runs well-nigh to the figures before the war, when immigrants came here at the rate of a million a year, but returned to Europe at the rate of half a million a year, leaving a net immigration of about half a million. Few go back now.

CONGRESS is now at work on a new Deportation Bill. One million dollars has been recommended in addition to the immigration budget to speed up deportation. That is a mere drop in the bucket compared with the sum required. Chairman Johnson, of the House Committee on Immigration, admits that "we are fifty per cent behind with deportations."

All this is borne out by the reports made to Congress by the commissioners and district directors. Former Commissioner Henry H. Curran, of the Ellis Island station, has reported that there are 300 deportable aliens now serving sentences in criminal institutions, 800 insane aliens in asylums, 4,000 here unlawfully; and he says it has been estimated by his investigators that there are at least 25,000 scattered throughout the district who gained surreptitious entry. Mr. Curran adds this to his report:

"While perhaps not germane to your inquiry, I wish to invite attention to the fact that in this district there are hundreds of miles of coast-line which are without a single immigrant inspector and where aliens could land surreptitiously any hour of the day or night without the slightest danger of being apprehended. We have no patrol system in this district."

RECENT raids by United States District Attorney Emory R. Buckner in New York City gathered in six hundred Chinese from just a few tenements and chop-suey restaurants. He found that most of them had questionable rights to be here. Nearly two hundred of them were deported at a cost to the Government of about $50,000; but no further raids were justified because, as the immigration officials put it, "we have no available funds to deport them, though we know there are many more."

Under the Chinese Exclusion Act any domiciled Chinese merchant in the United States may bring over his wife and children. Students are also allowed to come here from China. After the San Francisco earthquake, when many vital statistics, such as birth records, were destroyed, the Federal courts adopted the practice of accepting affirmative proof in lieu of documentary proof of birth. It was easy for a Chinaman to get one hundred witnesses among his Oriental comrades to swear that he was born here, or that children he sought to bring over were his own bona-fide offspring. So for a long time it did not seem necessary for these barred Orientals to resort to the lower schemes of smuggling. Not until the quota laws had stimulated such practices among Europeans, who would come by way of Canada or Mexico or Cuba, did the bootlegging of Chinese revive. Then Cuba became a Mecca and Boston a clearing-house. It is interesting to note that only ninety-three Chinese were deported last year through the machinery of the Immigration Service, or about one-half as many as District Attorney Buckner caused to be deported in just

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Causes for deportation	Fiscal year 1924	Fiscal year 1925
Entered without inspection	605	1,169
Likely to become a public charge and vagrants	2,092	1,759
Insanity, epilepsy	612	533
Imbeciles, feeble-minded	19	4
Constitutional psychopathic inferiority	57	24
Other mental conditions	36	47
Contagious diseases	101	104
Physically defective	49	174
Contract laborers	54	66
Criminals	525	637
Anarchists, revolutionists, etc.	81	22
Unable to read (over sixteen years)	345	474
Entered United States within one year of previous deportation	190	164

two raids. It is even more important to note that total deportations of all classes from the United States last fiscal year amounted to but 9,495, while the official report of the Secretary of Labor records that 19,000 seamen deserted their ships and gained unlawful entry to the country, this being just one class of the smugglers.

In this connection it may be well to reflect upon a partial list of deportations as recorded by the Bureau of Immigration last year and the year before, as given in the box above:

This partial list of the deportations in two years relates to aliens who had been caught in the country within the five years allowed for expelling them. There are thousands here who have overstayed that time limit and who cannot be deported now. It is fair to assume that of the 1,000,000 illegally entered there are hundreds of thousands who have overstayed the five-year limit and cannot now be deported unless some special act be passed by Congress. It should further be noted that the time limit for deporting seamen who desert their ships was formerly three years, and that the law does not carry a provision whereby the steamship company which brought them here may be forced to bear the expense of deportation. Many of these fellows have been in the country so long that they believe they have the right to remain here. Some have been caught up at Ellis Island when they called there for their wives and children, whom they had sent for as resident aliens. Others have married American girls and have established their homes here with children growing up. In some such cases they have been deported for having contagious diseases. In others they have been permitted to go back to their home countries and then return as regular immigrants to spare their wives and children the extreme hardships they must endure if the aliens were forced to leave the country permanently.

THE Johnson Bill exempted twice as many aliens last year as it admitted by the quotas. Here are the figures on that:

Non-immigrants—under Section 3:	Admitted
Government officials, etc.	1,950
Temporary visitors for business	14,461
Temporary visitors for pleasure	20,865
In transit through U. S.	22,697
To carry on trade	230
Total non-immigrants	60,203
Non-quota immigrants—under Section 4:	
Wives of United States citizens	4,171
Children of United States citizens	3,046
Residents of the United States returning from a temporary visit abroad	64,632
Natives of Canada, Newfoundland, Mexico, Cuba, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Canal Zone, or an independent country of Central and South America	175,069
Wives of same	623
Children of same	173
Ministers (religious)	694
Their wives	295
Their children	173
College professors	187
Their wives	49
Their children	25
Students to American colleges	1,462
Total non-quota immigrants	250,912

This makes a total of 311,115 exempted from the quotas which at most would only allow 160,000 to come into the United States from all countries, and of which sum only 145,971 did actually come. Much confusion has arisen at Ellis Island over the distinction between a "visitor" and an immigrant. Many aliens tried to take advantage of the law by claiming to be "visitors" when they really were intending to remain in the country. For the sake of sincerity, let this explanation be made: We, as a nation, could not shut our gates upon visitors. Considering how many Americans go sailing over to Europe every year on business and pleasure, it was proper that we give some consideration to persons similarly disposed who might seek temporary entry into the United States. Thus when Representative Albert Johnson, of the State of Washington, who is Chairman of the House Committee on Immigration and foremost restrictionist in Congress, began the framing of his two per centum law, he took care that a clause be inserted to exempt such visitors as may come here.

Pretty soon many fakers began showing up at Ellis Island—persons who had succeeded in convincing the consular agents abroad that they were "visitors," but who could give no compelling reason why they must return to Europe. Under the rules a visitor would be given six months as a reasonable time for business or pleasure, but an extension of six months more would be granted upon a showing of good cause. Many of the so-called "visitors" began sending back for their sweethearts and wives to visit them while they were themselves visitors in Uncle Sam's household. Bonds of $500 were readily furnished when required that these visitors would return at the expiration of their sojourn. Hundreds of thousands of dollars in such bonds now rest with the treasurer of Ellis Island, or were deposited by him with the Federal Reserve Bank in New York. Usually Liberty Bonds were required.

It is probably a fact that many thousands of these "visitors" are still enjoying their stay in this land of the free.

To the credit of every official who has to do with immigration, it must be stated that these men have in no way sought to conceal the unexpected evils which have accrued and are increasing with the effort to enforce the quota laws. They assert the advantages of the system, and, candidly, there seems to be no better way of achieving the Nation's desire in the matter. But that new evils have sprung up with the quota laws—mainly the bootlegged alien—just as the new evil of synthetic whisky has come with prohibition none of these officials deny. And these same officials—Secretary of Labor James J. Davis, Assistant Secretaries W. W. Husband and Robe Carl White, and Commissioner-General Harry E. Hull—are now bending their intellects and endeavors to find a remedy.

HOW to stop the gaps and let the country reap the results of the quota regulations without the new evils they have produced—that is the immigration problem in its modern aspect. Sure it is that the greater the legal restrictions at ports of entry, the greater will be the illegal entries along the borders and elsewhere. The lure of higher wages in America is the great magnet that is drawing the alien to this side of the ocean. Of equal force is the unsatisfactory living condition that is pushing him out of Europe. That heroic methods, prohibitive procedure of vast scope, even at a cost similar to the thirty-million-dollar budget for dry enforcement, must be undertaken to overcome these great economic forces nobody at Washington is doubting for a moment. Most of the

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officials and many of the Congressmen have already reached conclusions. Their plan, in brief, is this:

First, increase the border patrol and enlarge its police powers; and,

Second, pass an alien registration law so that every foreigner in the land may be checked up and held under strict surveillance until he becomes a naturalized citizen, and such as are found to have entered surreptitiously may be deported.

Some progress has already been made by the present border patrol, but the personnel is so limited as compared with the vast stretches of the Canadian and the Mexican lines that Uncle Sam's attempt to cope with the immigration evils of the present day have subjected him to the ridicule of other nations. With no more than four hundred men to watch the roadways and the lonely spots in forests, over mountains and valleys day and night, and allowing for hours for one-half of them to sleep or rest while the others are on watch, the task is fatuous and absurd. Available figures show that the guards have not loitered on the job. Harry R. Landis, for instance, who is the newly appointed Commissioner of Immigration for the United States at Montreal, reports that patrol officers on the border between Cape Vincent, New York, and Calais, Maine, during the last fiscal year examined 140,733 persons seeking to enter the United States. Of these, 2,609 were detained for special inquiry and 1,016 were turned back, having failed to produce the proper papers for lawful admittance. This comparatively small sector of the border-patrol inspectors searched 8,745 freight and passenger trains, stopped and examined 52,259 automobiles carrying 111,819 passengers, and inspected 346 boats and 2,149 vehicles other than automobiles. They captured 47 smugglers of aliens and 300 persons being smuggled across the border.

An East Side American

The Autobiography of a Son of the City

By CHARLES STELZLE

As a boy this brewer's son worked successively at stripping leaves in a tobacco shop, selling newspapers, peddling oranges, and cutting and pounding out artificial flower petals, and finally became a machine-shop apprentice. He got his education partly at school, partly in the streets, partly through his own voracious reading, partly in his jobs. This was to be his chief preparation for his life work. How he "broke into" this he now proceeds to tell.

VI

Breaking into the Ministry

WHEN I told the superintendent of the shop in which I was working that I was going to quit and take a course of study in preparation for the "Gospel ministry," he blankly called me a fool. He offered me a job as his assistant if I would remain.

I confess that that stumped me, because all my preparation had been for that kind of a job; and I was made particularly uncomfortable when he reminded me that there was no limit to my chances in the shop, that there was no reason why I might not succeed him. I asked him for a week to think about his proposal, during which period I went through many kinds and degrees of mental torture, because here was the very thing being offered me that I had wanted all during my machinist days. He insisted that I could do just as much good as the head of this big plant as I could possibly do as a preacher in any church in America.

At the end of a week I went back and told him that my mind was made up. I was going to preach!

And I hadn't saved a dollar to pay my expenses. I had to borrow twenty-five dollars to go to Chicago to the Moody Bible Institute, where I was to take a course of study in the English Bible, and I bought an extra low linen collar so that I could sit up more comfortably for two nights in a day coach instead of riding in a Pullman car.

Work assigned me by the Institute managers in consideration for a "scholarship" paying sixteen dollars a month required all the time I could spare from my studies. Fortunately, an old friend, an electrician who had served with me in religious work in Brooklyn, came to my rescue, sending me forty dollars a month during the ten months that I was at the Institute. And so I lived most meagerly with my wife and two-year-old son in a single room in the attic of a rooming-house on North Wells Street. Our most sumptuous meal during the week was obtained on Monday afternoon, when we all visited a big department store on State Street, "tasting" the samples offered customers in the grocery department. I confess that my mind often went back with longing to that superintendent's job; he had told me that I might return any time and claim it if I "got tired preaching."

I think that what tried me most was an experience with a "pan-handler." We had been taught by the Institute instructors to take the words of the Bible literally, and special emphasis was put upon the injunction, "Give to him that asketh thee." So when this beggar asked me for the price of a square meal, I gave him a quarter, all the money I had in my pocket. I followed him around the corner to see what he would do, although doing such a thing seemed almost like questioning the Bible. I saw him buy a big bag of cherries for twenty cents and jump onto a street car going downtown, and I watched him until he was out of sight, leisurely eating those nice big red cherries—I who had felt unable to afford to buy even a nickel's worth!

My going to the Moody Institute in Chicago was really the climax of a series of attempts to break into the ministry. I had successively tried to get into the Princeton, Union, and McCormick Theological Seminaries, all Presbyterian schools; but none of them would have me. I finally tried Drew Seminary, which was a Methodist school, and where I was told that, at that time at least, the requirements of admission were not so high. But even Drew turned me down. The president wrote me in substance that I didn't know enough—which, of course, I knew; that was why I wanted to go to the school. I knew

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mathematics and mechanical drawing and mechanics, but of what use were these in a theological seminary?

I had honestly tried before making application to these seminaries to study at least some of the things which would fit me to take theological instruction. I had studied Latin with a Jewish peddler, Greek with a Brooklyn lawyer, and Hebrew in an extension course, and I could read each of those languages fairly well. Besides that I had had a great deal of practical experience in religious work. I had been an "elder" in the Presbyterian Church—elected when I was twenty-one—superintendent of a Sunday school, a Bible-class teacher, a member of the Board of Managers of the Young Men's Christian Association, Vice-President of the Brooklyn Sunday School Union, and organizer and conductor of a mission on the outskirts of Brooklyn. But I couldn't prove that I was "regular."

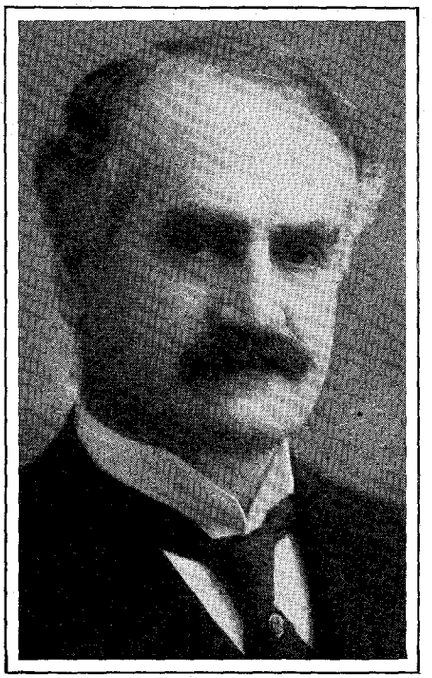
While the theological seminaries were deeply immersed in the study of the Amalekites, the Hittites, and the Jebusites, I had been busy getting acquainted with the Brooklynites, the Chicagoites, and the Buffaloites. I didn't realize it at the time, but that was a pretty good preparation for the work that I wanted to do—to preach to workingmen.

Also I discovered later that when the graduates at the seminaries preached about the social conditions of those very interesting people who lived thousands of years ago they were regarded as perfectly orthodox. But when I began to preach about the social problems of the Pittsburghites, for example, discussing almost precisely the same questions that confronted the ancients, I was somewhat rudely reminded that I might better preach the "simple Gospel"—whatever that might be. However, I felt that the Pittsburghites needed my messages very much more, because the Amalekites had been a long time dead!

Somehow, I never could get away from this very practical situation, and it got me into trouble at the Moody Institute. I had always been a conservative in my theological beliefs, but I was not very familiar with many of the doctrines taught at the school, simply because in New York I had never so much as heard of them.

Much was said about the "second blessing." I was eager to get this added gift. So when it was announced that an all-night prayer-meeting of the four hundred students would be held to pray for this blessing I eagerly attended. There was a great deal of singing and much exhortation until midnight, and then they all fell upon their knees and audible prayer began. In about an hour student after student joyously arose and shouted that he "claimed the promise," that he had "received the blessing." I couldn't see it. I remained on my knees until about four o'clock in the morning. Meanwhile, the leader stood over me; I was away up front, so that I could see and hear everything, for I certainly wanted that gift if it was for me; and he berated me for my lack of faith. I was made a subject of special prayer. I honestly felt that I needed it. But I realized that honesty was better than having the approval of the Faculty.

But I hasten to say that the ten



Dr. W. W. White, whose inspiration as a teacher of the Old Testament caused Mr. Stelzle to spend the most of many a night in research work

months spent at the school which Dwight L. Moody founded were actually a wonderful experience for me. While much of the teaching seemed unreal and artificial, the basic teaching of the Bible was most helpful, and this was what I needed. Dr. W. W. White, now President of Biblical Seminary in New York, was the teacher of Old Testament at the Institute, and his enthusiasm spurred me on to make a number of highly interesting original studies—and I often spent most of the night chasing an Old Testament character through the Bible. I have always felt grateful to Moody Institute for knocking out of me the conservatism in my method of work, particularly in reaching people with the Gospel message, although, compared with the average church worker, I would have been considered a radical.

One evening shortly after I had arrived at the Institute, I was asked to go with a crew of half a dozen men and women for a street meeting on West Madison Street, just across the river, at that time one of the toughest streets in Chicago. I never had had much use for street preachers. But I had come there to get some new experiences, and this evidently was to be one of them. I took my place on the inside of the semicircle of Institute workers, desperately afraid that something was going to happen.

It did. Suddenly the leader pointed to me, and then yelled to the crowd: "We've got a man here from New York. I'm going to ask him to speak."

I was nearly paralyzed. I had made absolutely no preparation for giving an address of any kind. I have a vague recollection of saying something about Niagara Falls and the Rock of Ages. I had passed Niagara Falls in coming from New York a couple of days before, and it was the one thing that stood out before my mind in that awful moment. But when I stepped back it was with a distinct consciousness that I had definitely conquered that awful sense of timidity. Thereafter there was always a thrill in talking to a crowd on the street. I found that it was easy to do it if one had a sense of humor and downright earnestness. In fact, it was much easier to speak on the streets than it was in an ordinary church with an audience consisting of smug, self-satisfied people.

ONCE, when I was a very small boy on the East Side of New York, the marshal of a parade held by an athletic and social club permitted me to sit on his horse's back for about three minutes. It was a big, fat truck horse. That was the extent of my experience as a horseman. But another horse, an Indian pony, became an integral part of my first Gospel mission after a year of study. When summer came with its vacation period, I had a chance to go to northern Minnesota to organize Sunday schools in sparsely settled districts. The State superintendent in Minneapolis told me where I could find the animal which was to be mine for the summer. I was to buy a cart and some harness for the pony.

I rode that pony thirty miles across the prairies to another point which was to be my headquarters. The saddle consisted of a meal-bag which the farmer had kindly tied on top of the horse. I never got off his back from the time I started until I reached my destination, which took a good many hours, for neither lash nor lung could increase the pony's gait to more than about five miles an hour.

In due time my two-wheel cart and harness arrived. The harness was about four sizes too large for my little pony,

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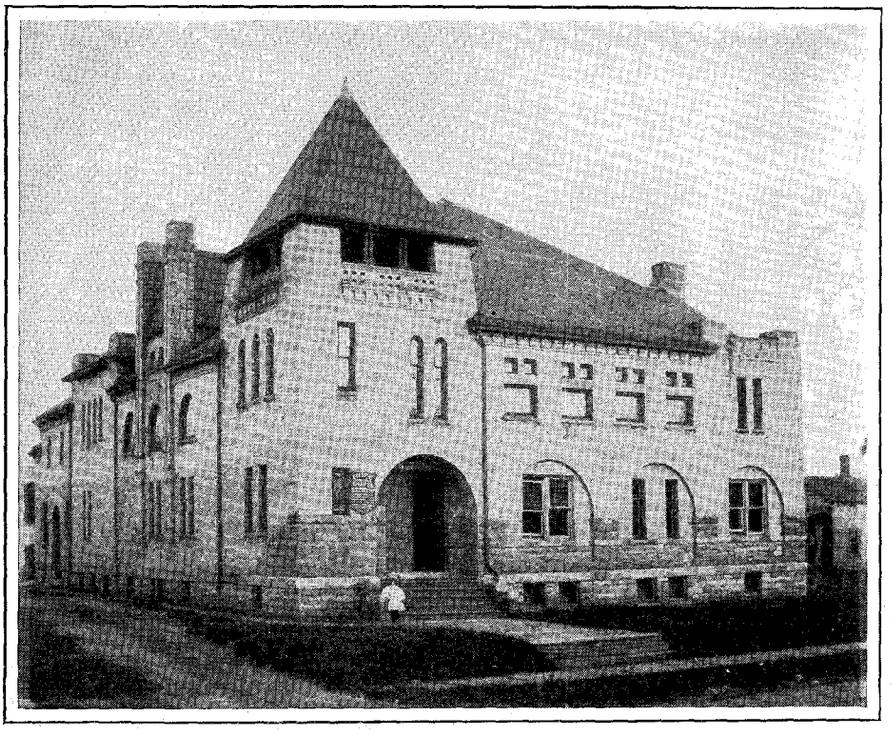

Hope Chapel, Minneapolis, Mr. Stelzle's first church

but a sharp knife soon fixed that. The cart had never been put together. It had been built by gauge. When I tried to assemble the parts, I found that the wheels fitted the axles, but that was about all. It required the assistance of a blacksmith to get the rest of the wagon together, because some of the bolt holes were half an inch out of the way. To make matters worse, the farmer who had been caring for the pony said that he had not been used during the past year—it was his sabbatical year, or something—and of course the pony was not accustomed to this new-fangled cart. I couldn't understand at first just what his peculiar movements meant. It was a cross between the strut of a peacock and the balk of a Missouri mule. However, we soon got used to each other and got along fairly well.

After that my troubles were not with the pony, but with stubborn school boards, for practically all my Sunday schools were organized in schoolhouses. My first job was to canvass the entire community and ask the neighbors if they would not like to have a meeting in the schoolhouse that night. Of course they all said "yes"—anything for a change and a bit of excitement. Then I tackled the school board and told them that all the people wanted a meeting. I organized a school about every night in the week, and I found at the end of the season that I had organized more Sunday schools in northern Minnesota than the five regular misionaries in the rest of the State combined. The real job in organizing Sunday schools, I found afterwards, was to keep them going. I guess these sturdy experienced missionaries had learned that it was better to organize fewer schools and to keep them organized. At any rate, I was out to organize them and not to follow them up, and I did this job to the best of my ability.

On my way back to Chicago I stopped at Minneapolis to meet the chairman and superintendent of the Sunday School Committee, and apparently the chairman, a prominent lumberman, was impressed with the record that I had made. He told me about a mission chapel in the northern part of the city, close to the Mississippi River, and that he needed some one to take charge of it. He offered me the position. The field seemed to offer such unusual opportunities for speaking to workingmen and their families that I promptly accepted his proposal.

After I had been at work for a month, I suggested to the officers in charge—men who belonged to the "home church" which supported the chapel—a program of work which I thought should be carried out. They simply smiled at me. They reminded me that I had been in the field only a month, whereas they had been there many years, some of them as long as twenty, and that I had better wait until I knew more about the conditions in the community before taking such very drastic measures as I had outlined.

Without saying a word to anybody, I began to make a thorough canvass of the entire community, visiting every family. I made about a hundred calls a day. When I had finished, I was the absolute master of my field. I knew the situation in practically every house. I knew exactly how many people lived in the district, what were their nationalities, their religious beliefs, their trades, ages, birthplaces, whether or not they attended church, and which of the children went to Sunday school and to public school. Then I called another meeting of the officials. I was so full of the subject that without looking at charts which I had placed on the walls of my study I could give exact figures on all of the points which I discussed. Needless to say, my church officials were amazed, and when I proposed my plans they had nothing further to say.

From that time forth every department of work organized in the church was based upon an actual situation which was demonstrable. I knew, for example, when I organized a boys' club, just about how many boys were eligible for membership. Actually, about five hundred of them became members of this club, which was open every night in the week and consisted almost entirely of newsboys and bootblacks. Every week I gave a stereopticon lecture consisting of about sixty slides. My subjects were most ambitious: "The Life of Napoleon," "A Trip to the North Pole," the story of "Ben Hur," "From New York to San Francisco." The first regular sermon that I delivered was written out word for word. But I never had the chance to write another sermon. During the first week I had three funerals, and I created a new address for each occasion. I thought that I had been putting in a pretty good day's work when I was a machinist; but the hours of labor in this first church of mine were much longer than I ever worked in a machine shop. In a short time there were thirty meetings a week in operation. The big gallery in the church was being used for the first time since the building had been erected.

At first I sang all the solos and conducted the congregational singing. When many new people had come into the church, I engaged a Socialist barber to take charge of the choir.

Not being ordained, I could not baptize the babies, marry the young people, or administer the communion. One Sunday night the preacher who was "pinch-hitting" for me in one of these functions looked admiringly over the big audience, and remarked with a tone of satisfaction: "Well, brother, things are going on so well now, I guess we'll have to call a regular preacher pretty soon, won't we?" I agreed with him. I think I said "Yaiah," in true East Side fashion. At any rate, that was the way I felt.

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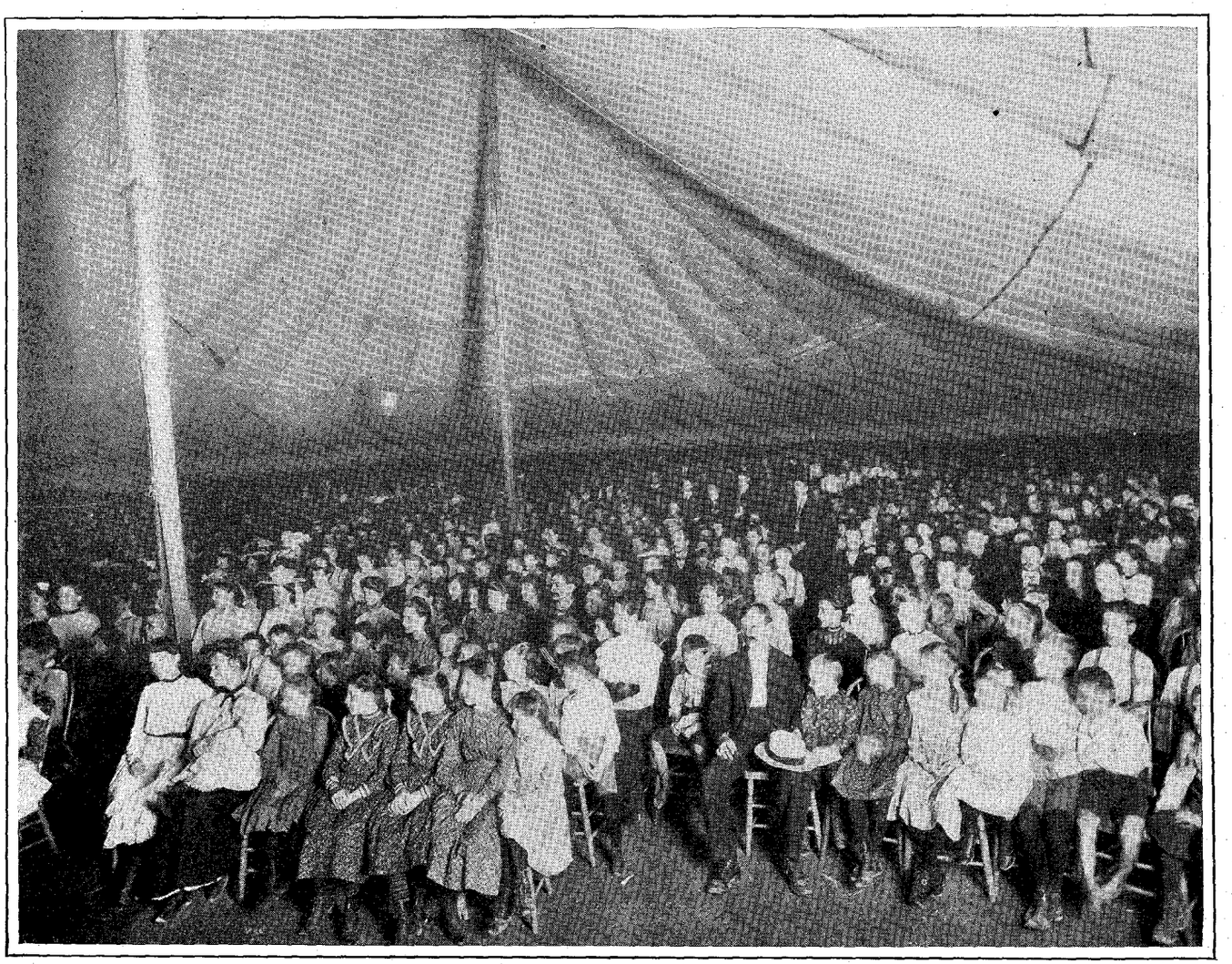
They had already tried out half a dozen of "regular preachers," besides a Salvation Army captain and a well-known evangelist; but they had all failed. If things hadn't been so run down, they would never have risked letting loose a student-preacher, who had a long way to go before he could be ordained.

But I remained two years, and had a happy time working with the sawmill men and their families. Perhaps the thing which I enjoyed most of all in that enterprise was the big boys' club. I at least looked in on it every night. Whenever I could, I spent the entire evening with those youngsters, who reminded me more than anything else of the East Side of New York, where my heart was fixed all the time. And one day I was invited to come back to New York to become the pastor of the same chapel in which I had been raised. I didn't require much coaxing to accept that "call." I didn't ask much about salary or other conditions. I simply went. I wanted to get back to New York.

The half-dozen years since I had left New York had made a good many changes in the neighborhood. I saw at once that if the work were to succeed it meant some very drastic changes in methods. But I was blandly told by my old friend, the superintendent of the Sunday school, who had said I would never make a preacher because my English had been so badly neglected, that there were to be no "innovations." He practically supported the chapel, and what he said was law. This business of "home church membership" was a farce. None of the chapel people were ever invited to a business meeting of the home church, even though legally they were members of the church. They had nothing whatever to say, not even with reference to the chapel which they attended and helped support. There was not the slightest trace of democracy in the management of affairs. No wonder it was hard to get workingmen to take an interest in that kind of an enterprise! One day the people of Hope Chapel heard that there was to be a regular business meeting of the church, which all contributing members had a right to attend. A considerable number decided to go to that meeting to see what their membership really amounted to. Now the average church business meeting is very poorly attended by the "regular" members, so that when these downtown East Side people walked into the lecture hall, the minister who was presiding calmly announced that the meeting was adjourned because he saw that the chapel people outnumbered the home church folks, and he feared that the East-Siders might out-vote his own crowd. It was just the kind of place in which I wanted to work out my ideas of what a church in a workingman's district ought to be like. But my hands were tied. It was altogether hopeless.

Soon I resigned, and went to St. Louis to the old Soulard Market Mission, which had been organized by William H. Markham, a business man of the city. It was an ideal situation. The leaders and workers were most enthusiastic and sympathetic toward my methods. I had practically a free hand. Dr. W. J. McKittrick, who was my boyhood pastor—the one who first took me to a professional baseball game in New York—was the minister in charge of the First Presbyterian Church in St. Louis. Through his hearty co-operation, a wealthy woman of the city was persuaded to give me annually three thousand dollars which I was to spend as I pleased for



Markham Memorial Tent Meeting on Soulard Market Lot. Mr. Stelzle preached here every night during the summer

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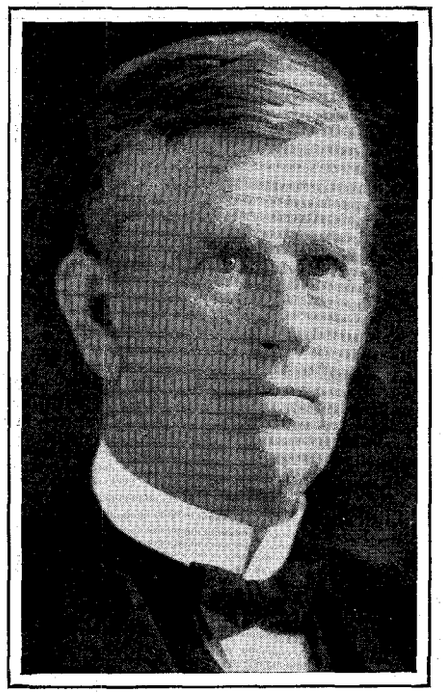
any "extra things" that I wanted to do, in addition to the regular funds for the support of the church. The right to spend some hundreds of dollars at any one time without being compelled to go through the formality of consulting committees gave me a chance to act quickly when I saw the necessity for doing so.

A local governing committee, with workingmen represented, was organized, and as soon as possible the mission was turned into a full-fledged church, with a complete set of officers. Very shortly thereafter I was ordained by the St. Louis Presbytery, after having preached for five years as a layman. During all that time I had been studying hard to pass the examinations. When the time came, in spite of the fact that I was grilled for four hours on all kinds of theological questions by a group which was not altogether sympathetic with my radical methods of work, it was a real pleasure to have the presiding officer at my ordination service tell the audience that no candidate, including, of course, those who were graduates of regular theological seminaries, had passed his examination more creditably.



Dr. W. J. McKittrick, "who was my boyhood pastor"

I worked tremendously to put through a real program for the community. We had the biggest Sunday school west of the Mississippi River—I recall that there were four hundred in the primary department alone—and the largest Sunday night congregation in St. Louis. During the entire summer tent meetings were held in a lot near the church, which were attended by about a thousand people every night in the week. More people joined our church than became members of any other church in the city; nearly two hundred during one year. Fully two hundred and fifty members belonged to the young people's societies. There were three choirs of a hundred voices, a cooking class of seventy-two, and eight "cottage meetings" every week in the homes of the people. It was a real people's church, and I was proud to be its pastor.

In the next installment Charles Stelzle takes his text from a clothing dealer, is suspected of being a detective, and attends the birth of the I. W. W.

The United Universe Corporation

By Don C. Seitz

SINCE we so heartily reject cooperation and communism in this dear land of ours as universal remedies, the tendency has been to turn more and more to the corporation as an effective way of taking care of industry, philanthropy, religion, morality, and education, that it would seem the time has come, in view of Henry Ford's success at standardization, and the coming of the Bread Trust, to reduce overhead and increase efficiency by putting all our problem eggs in one basket, so to speak.

To do this, would it not be wise to establish what might be aptly called the United Universe Corporation, which would embrace everything, do away with the What's the Use Club, and establish a true Utopia? It could be incorporated either in Maine, Delaware, New Jersey, or West Virginia, in all of which States the laws are hospitable and supervision is not exacting. In spite of the strictures of Professor W. Z. Ripley, of Harvard, the stock should be of no par value and non-voting. This last feature would make it popular with the people.

Many learned minds have expressed the conclusion that civilization is a huge complex, so involved that it is no longer able to manage itself. It wants to fall back on "conversations" as a means of adjusting everything, at the very time when the air is so full of talk that it is not possible to keep a window open for such a simple purpose as ventilation without receiving a lecture on efficiency, interrupted more or less, it is true, by jazz, from the amiable atmosphere, so it would seem hopeless to find room for more.

Other experts view human complications as being mainly of an economic character, so the corporate remedy proposed would here come in strong. What a happy change it would be from taxation to dividends! The individual is becoming too much preoccupied really to attend to anything. His radio apparatus, his automobile, his golf, and his wife absorb so much time that it is practically impossible for him to attend to the uninteresting, ordinary affairs of life, to say nothing of politics, local, National, or world-wide. This tempts him to leave everything to government, which, alas! is usually more incompetent than the individual. We are, in short, in the painful position of a hen trying to "set" on too many eggs. (The general interest in poultry as a means of acquiring wealth tempts me to use this rather common illustration, for which I trust Dr. Charles W. Eliot and other great thinkers will pardon me.)

This prelude may appear rather lengthy, but so is the subject. I will, however, come at once to the remedy, and this, my children, is economic. Let us no longer rely upon talk or the weak efforts of individuals to do too much, but put the world in control of the United Universe Corporation, and include in its ownership all governments, industries, mercantile enterprises, mines, and farms. This may seem like a large order, but is it so impracticable, after all? Steel, oil, and coal are practically one now, with the railroads as auxiliaries. The electrical industry is also concentrated. As for groceries and newspapers, chains and consolidations have brought these together. With so much of the way blazed out, the rest is easy. The farm question may be a puzzle, but I think its difficulties are exaggerated. The United States Farm Loan Corporation will soon have them all under mortgage. A little pressure from this quarter will make the most "independent" farmer think before he kicks.

The critical may ask where labor is all this while. Labor is already consoli-

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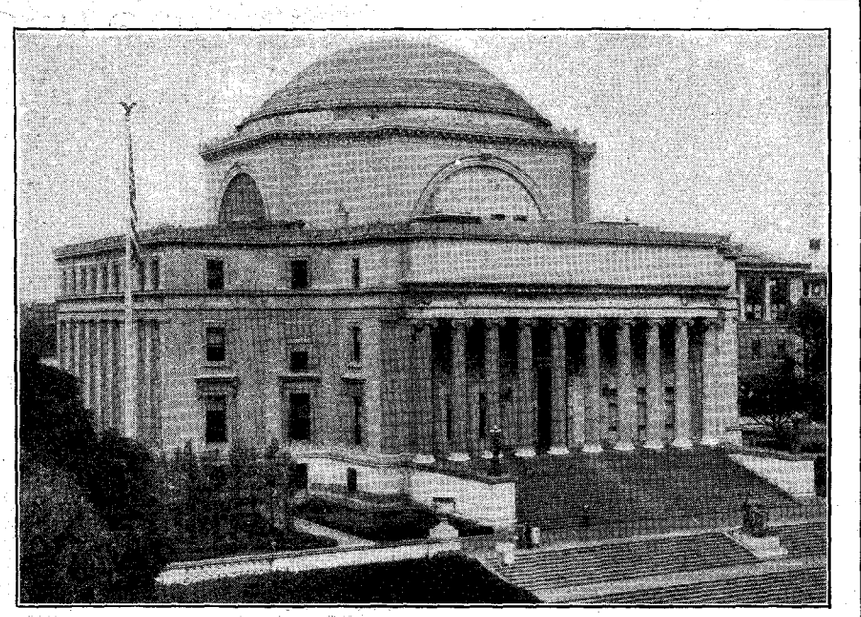
dated; it needs only to be annexed. A few seats on the board of directors will fix its leaders. Mr. William Green could be made chairman of the board, with obvious results. Some may say the responsibilities of this board would be too great. I think not. They could be readily passed up to the executive committee, and by that body to the president. Here again there will be protest that this would be too much for one man. Again I think not. Should he have to travel a good deal for his health, an unfailing resource remains. All corporate presidents to-day have competent female secretaries, under whose intelligent direction, with the help of a card index, lodged in a fireproof case, things go on just as well as if the old man were present—sometimes much better. Even E. W. Bok left the affairs of the earth trembling in the hands of a young lady, who soon soothed them. The mother instinct may always be relied upon!

Certainly, no logical reasons can be invoked against this idea. It is not copyrighted and is freely offered.

I know many people will still prefer that Government should attend to everything. Enough has been seen of its operations to prove this a fallacy. While it is true that one in every eleven of our populace is now on some sort of a tax-paid pay-roll, it leaves the other ten to take care of themselves, which is unfair. This scheme takes everybody in. It is superior to the American Legion idea that one should always have a pocket full of money, to be raised by State levy. It concentrates, co-ordinates, and compels. Capitalists can, and do, provoke wars. Compacted in one corporation, with a competent stenographer, there would be no one to fight.

Contributors' Gallery

In 1920 when immigration was resumed after the World War the New York City News Association — which is a pool of twenty-one leading dailies in New York and Brooklyn—sent for Remsen Crawford and asked him to "cover" Ellis Island as one who could interpret that institution and its mission. It was through his reports that Congress changed the quota law so that children would not be separated from their mothers through technicalities. He is now correspondent on immigration for all the New York morning papers.



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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Fiction

BLACK IVORY. By Polan Banks. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

As a first novel "Black Ivory" is both a colorful and an engaging attempt. Mr. Banks has excellent hold of his background and attacks both plot and characters with spirit and fire, painting a real portrait of the reckless Frenchman and pirate, Jean Lafitte. The principal scene is that of Creole New Orleans in the years 1810–15, when Lafitte and his crew, the Baratarians, hold a pirates' nest at Grand Terre. Their subsequent loyalty to their own country, America, and Lafitte's gallant action at the Battle of New Orleans are skillfully described. And of course there is a lady in the story—a lady lovely as a magnolia blossom. The sole criticism to make on a romantic novel of this type is: does it tend to become melodramatic? The fact remains that in many instances the hero is rescued much too easily and abruptly from the entangling arms of danger. However, Jean Lafitte is not too perfect to be real. He is the book's greatest asset.

FIFTY CANDLES. By Earl Derr Biggers. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $1.

A murder mystery told in short space in a masterly manner. Those of us who have recognized the padding and multiplying of false trails in so many stories of this type will thank Mr. Biggers for telling his yarn quickly and stopping when it is done.

HEATHER HERETICS. By Marshall M. Goold. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

The young ministerial hero of this delightful Scotch novel is first presented to the reader as a theological student with a black eye just bailed out of jail. He has to preach next day. "My friends," he says as he enters the pulpit, "ere we proceed further I have but one remark to make. Ye'll not mistake this eye o' mine. It was acquired yesterday by an unfortunate accident during the election of the Honorable Joseph Chamberlain to the Lord Rectorship o' Glasgow University. Noo, we shall commence our public worship."

But the Rev. Donald Strachan carried himself valiantly in other battles than those conducted with turnips, pease-meal, and potatoes after the manner of rioting students. He was a bonny all-round fighter with his brains as well as his hands; and a deeply religious, passionately earnest, intellectually honest, keen, kindly, and humorsome young man. If the Auld Kirk, the U. P.'s, and the Wee Frees as parties to a conflict sound a bit dry and distant, and Ardarroch as its scene something overly Scotch to allure the casual American, he may be assured that in the company of Maister Strachan he will find them lively, interesting, and inspiring—and even with a discernible relation to our own times and troubles. "Even the elect are contaminated," bewails Donald's opponent, Farmer Sneddon, the Fundamentalist (but nobody called him that in the eighteen nineties). "Ye'll not have heard perhaps that the moderator o' the Free Kirk Assembly last month spoke favorably o' Charles Darwin? It's fair calamitous! Aye, but many in Israel will mourn over this surrender o' one of the bulwarks o' Zion."

There is a charming love story intertwined simply and naturally with the spiritual and material adventures of the young minister; but it is kept properly subordinated. And the book, though often highly amusing, is none the less permeated by genuine, serious, and fine religious feeling. It may be added, since no one should be deterred from reading anything so enjoyable who is capable of appreciating it, that, thoroughly Scotch as it is, the dialect presents no difficulties.

THE BRIGHT ISLANDS. By Padraic Colum. With Illustrations by Juliette May Fraser. Published for the Hawaiian Legend and Folklore Commission by the Yale University Press, New Haven. $2.50.

R. L. S. furnishes the title for this second series of "Tales and Legends of Hawaii," and a wistful recollection of "The Isle of Voices" and "The Bottle Imp" persistently arises on reading Mr. Colum's transcriptions of Hawaiian and Polynesian legends. A little more art in the midst of the artlessness would not seem amiss, especially in stories designed for children, who are of all audiences the worst sticklers for complete development and well-rounded conclusions. "The Princess Pali-Uli" and "The Little Blond Shark" perhaps satisfy these requirements most completely. Nevertheless a book of strange beauty, in both text and pictures. Only a poet could write, "A fragrance has come in from the night, a strange fragrance, a cool fragrance, a fragrance that goes to my heart. I will open the door to what is there."

THE SON OF THE HOUSE. By Anthony Pryde. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

Romantic, dramatic, and readable, displaying also, as the novels of this writer always do, much of the born story-teller's gift in narration and an unquestionable

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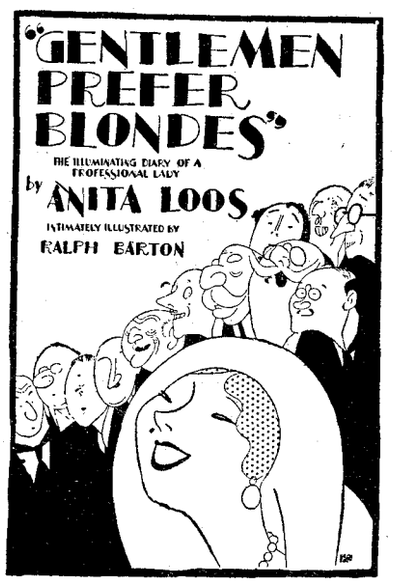

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aptitude in presenting vivid and strongly differentiated characters, "The Son of the House" will naturally command the interest of many readers. Others a little more critical may yet be beguiled into a mood of acceptance until the end, but scarcely beyond it. Convincing for the moment, true in many details, in the face of retrospective inquiry or serious criticism the entire solid-seeming fabric dissolves into wispy unrealities, like mist before a breeze. The illusion, while it lasted, was appealing and deceptive; but it was never real life.

Biography

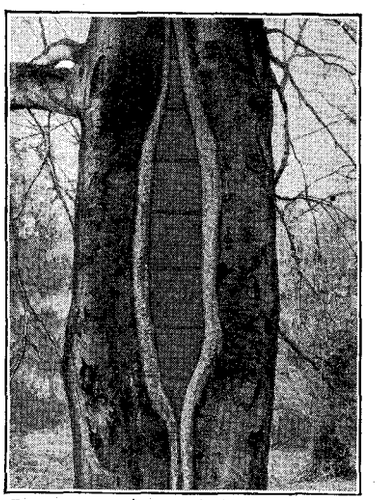
DIARY AND LETTERS OF JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY. Selected and edited by Christina Hopkinson Baker. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.50.

If ever a woman was born with wings in her head, it was Josephine Preston Peabody; wings of singing birds beating against the bars to be released—"released for publication." The story of it all we learn in her diary, kept from the age of sixteen, a poignant chronicle of aspirations, struggles, and frank self-revealment, at once a safety-valve for pent-up emotions and an expression for "things a-whirl in my head." We read: "This thing is a poem, some day," and picture her, turning from this: "I am a small, unimportant thing, but I am a *live* thing. I would rather not live in a cage," to write that stirring bit, beginning—

Out of your cage,
Come out of your cage,
And take your soul on a pilgrimage.

The thought that she might be a poet thrilled her, as it did Keats, who, when a new poem by Shelley or Byron fell into his hands would exclaim, "I, too, am a poet." She writes: "God knows with what restfulness and secret joy I sometimes think I am a child of Light by birth." But this was for the public to determine, and specifically the "Atlantic Monthly" and very specifically Horace Scudder of the "Atlantic Monthly," who speedily set her to work on the technicalities of her art.

There comes to mind here a vision of Emily Dickinson consciously composing a sonnet. The simplest form of conventional, rhymed verse was her medium, and when the rhyme was not at hand she went without it; and it was not missed, but somehow understood. To go on a hunt for the rhyme would have been as foreign to her as to trim her thought to iambic pentameter. Probably Horace Scudder would not have accepted her. But one who contemplates sonnets and poetical plays must master technique; and from the time the "Atlantic" was able "to defend at all points" the poems she submitted, Miss Peabody's progress



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was sure and steady. And when her play "The Piper" won the Stratford Play Competition in 1910, and was produced at the Stratford Memorial Theatre, afterward in London and the provinces, and later in New York, there was continual triumph and success for her. The Diary is a live document, but it makes pathetically clear how this flaming spirit so soon burned itself out.

Music

CARILLON MUSIC AND SINGING TOWERS OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW. By William Gorham Rice. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.

This is (we have the author's word for it) the first complete work on the subject of the carillon, and as such it will surely be welcomed on the shelves of all true campanologists. But it may also be recommended to general readers whose interest in bells may not equal Mr. Rice's, or the late Sir Henry Irving's, but who can admire a person with such boundless enthusiasm and such a complete knowledge of his subject as the author of this book. It is infectious; you cannot read fifty pages without a touch of the feeling that made Mr. Rice tour the world for the sole purpose of listening to bells! He has included in the book photographs of bell-towers all over the world, notes on the correct tuning and playing of carillons, descriptions, specifications, and poetic quotations from John Evelyn to Alice Meynell and return.

It would seem that the immediate cause for the volume was the installation of the new carillon in the Park Avenue Baptist Church by the Rockefellers *père et fils*. Mr. Rice has many interesting things to say of these bells, so perfectly tuned and with their marvelously balanced keyboard, omitting, however, any reference to that musical competition from the New York Central and the Yellow Cab Corporation, with which no actual auditor of the carillon can remain unimpressed. There are many references to famous ancient bells, stories of their founding, and inscriptions to be seen upon them. It is interesting while speaking of this, the largest carillon in the world, and, were it in a quieter place, one of the finest-toned, which the Rockefellers have given their church, to remember the words found on one of the great bells of Oxford: "In Nomine Patris et Filii Laude Resono Bim Bam Sine Fraude."

Finance

A WOMAN AND HER MONEY. By Elizbeth Fraser. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

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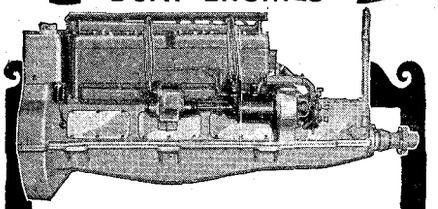

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cidents and experiences, Miss Fraser sets forth in this useful book "what every woman ought to know" about investments, including—one of the most needful items for a sex too often helplessly confiding in matters of finance—where and how to seek trustworthy advice when she needs it, if she has no natural adviser who she may be sure is competent. The prospective investor is advised how to secure safety first, and also what reasonable risks may or must be taken, and under what conditions. She is instructed, too, upon what points to seek information about anything she considers investing in; but here is omitted one point which certainly concerns the modern woman, no matter how keen she may justifiably be for a good profit. There is no suggestion that she ought to know whether the company or business into which her money is to go, besides being profitable to its stockholders, is fair and decent in its relations with its employees, the community, and the public; yet there are things about which no woman who in her clubs, her conversation, and her civic conscience stands for good industrial standards, as so many thousand women now do, can consistently preserve a closed mind.

Plays

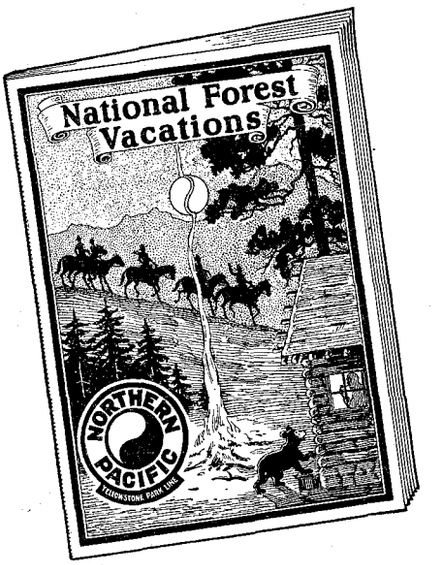
LUCKY SAM McCARVER. By Sidney Howard. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Reading "Lucky Sam McCarver" will leave a feeling of regret in all who did not see so fine a play upon the stage. The characters of Sam McCarver, recruit from "rustlin' drinks an' pickin' up towels for a Turkish bath in Hoboken," and the delicately bred Carlotta Ashe are vivid and memorable. Individually as far apart as men from monkeys, they meet and love and marry, for no very good reason on her part but with the practical desire for social betterment on his side. The play, which takes place in New York, except for one amusing and typical scene in Venice, concerns itself chiefly with the emotional reactions and tragic efforts of these two to become one. Their author says, "Neither one could understand or even hear what the other said." The end is a bitterly ironical scene, and if Carlotta seems to slip out of the tangle a bit too easily, the exit of Sam McCarver is a masterpiece.

THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN. By George S. Kaufman. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

To a casual reader who has not seen this comedy performed the machinery of its action creaks very heavily. It is the old story of two pseudo-theatrical managers trying to put across an impossible play without sufficient financial backing, and desperately playing for a sucker the

Dude Ranch



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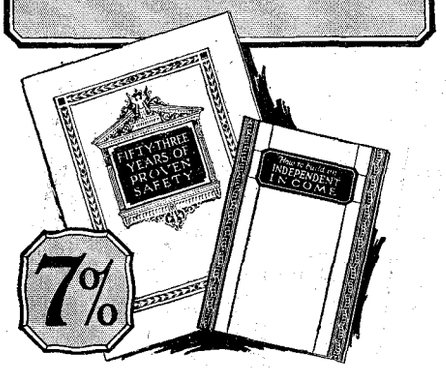

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first possible young man they meet. He eventually buys all production rights from them and makes an unexpected success of the piece, parting with it just in time to escape a legitimate lawsuit. The reviewer cannot, however, see "its high value as general entertainment." As a story its effect is that of an over-inflated tire that slowly and consistently flattens.

Travel

THE SOUTH AMERICAN HANDBOOK FOR 1926. Edited by J. A. Hunter. South American Publications, Ltd., London.

Here is a thoroughly competent compendium for those who wish to travel or do business in Mexico, Cuba, Central or South America. With the tide of tourists steadily turning toward our sister republics, it is left to the British to tell us about them intelligently, as this compact volume does. It not only guides the traveler, but instructs the business man. Some statesmen could read it with profit. It neglects nothing that can inform, whether it be facts about hostelries or the aborigines.

Polar Adventure

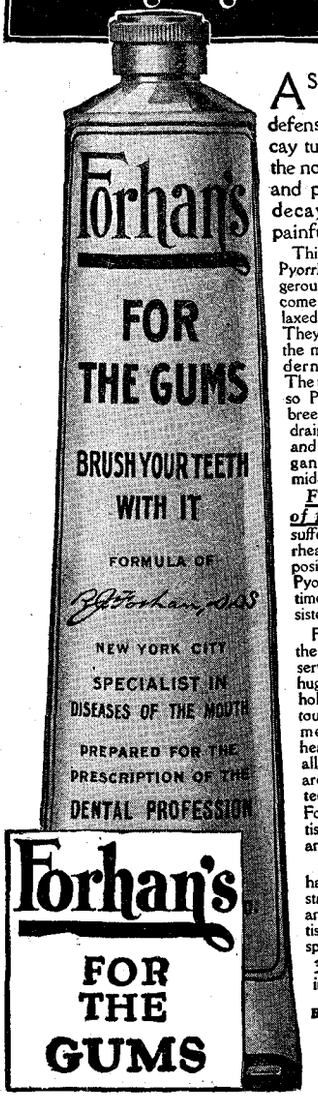
OUR POLAR FLIGHT. By Roald Amundsen, Lincoln Ellsworth, and Other Members of the Expedition. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $5.

This book recounts the attempt of Roald Amundsen and Lincoln Ellsworth to fly to the Pole in two duralumin planes last summer. As readers of the press will recall, the expedition was unsuccessful and, after abandoning one plane on the ice-pack, succeeded in winging back to terra firma. The explorers were picked up by a sealer on the coast of North East Land when hopes for their survival were at a low ebb. Six members tell the story, but this redundance must be laid to the publishers, who required a MS. of 70,000 words. The book contains many illustrations and two maps.

WHALING IN THE FROZEN SOUTH; BEING THE STORY OF THE 1923-24 NORWEGIAN EXPEDITION TO THE ANTARCTIC. By A. J. Villiers, Australian Press Correspondent with the Expedition. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $4.

Young Mr. Villiers still lacked a year of attaining his majority when, armed with "a very fine camera" and a commission from the Hobart "Mercury," he signed on the Sir James Clark Ross to work before the mast for a whaling cruise in the Ross Sea. He found that modern whaling, in spite of steamers and guns, bombs and winches, is still a trying, exasperating, and dangerous calling. After reading his graphic account of flensing a whale (stripping it of its blubber) in the Antarctic, "a bitterly cold, greasy, trying job," any embryo Herman Melville may be tempted to try his luck in a warmer clime. Mr. Villiers's unconquerable boyishness, shown, for instance,

Watch your gums – bleeding a sign of trouble



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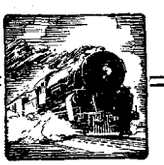

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in his delight in the antics of penguins, to which he returns again and again, is quite irresistible, and he obtained many excellent photographs with his very fine camera.

Politics and Government

CONGRESS, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE SUPREME COURT. By Charles Warren. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.50.

If the power of the Supreme Court to invalidate legislation is a "usurped" power, as we sometimes hear these days, it is a bit strange that the fathers of the Republic didn't discover the fact. Mr. Warren is able to find but one instance during the first twelve years of Congress wherein this power was questioned. His book is a study of the origins of the Constitution; of the powers granted to the Supreme Court, and since exercised by that body, in relation to acts of Congress, and also of recent proposals for limiting these powers. It gives a brief description of each of the fifty-three cases wherein the Court has held an act of Congress to be unconstitutional, with an especial emphasis on the cases affecting organized labor. It is polemical—since the author has a point of view to sustain; but it is fair, and it is also, in the best sense, scholarly. The mass of citations on every pertinent point shows a thorough and conscientious study of sources. An invaluable book for every one who wants to know the function of the Supreme Court in our system of government.

WHY CHINA SEES RED. By Putnam Weale. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.

Mr. Lenox-Simpson (Putnam Weale), discoursing of China, is always interesting, and in this volume he is more so than usual. Having resided in China for some years, having been adviser to the Chinese Government and all that, Mr. Lenox-Simpson should know his China. He does and he doesn't. He is estopped by his temperament from really understanding the present developments in China. He was born "a little conservative," and he is your British treaty-port man *par excellence*. He's a man of humors in the Ben Jonsonian sense. He bristles with prejudices like the fretful porcupine with quills. Enough said. The book is to be highly commended to those who know their China and can make the proper discounts; and to those only.

THE MELTING-POT MISTAKE. By Henry Pratt Fairchild. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.50.

This is the fourth volume of a series on American Nationalism, and the best of the four. It rightly stresses nationality rather than race (or, to be precise, variety within the Caucasian division of *Homo Sapiens*) as offering the toughest difficulty to be overcome in the Ameri-

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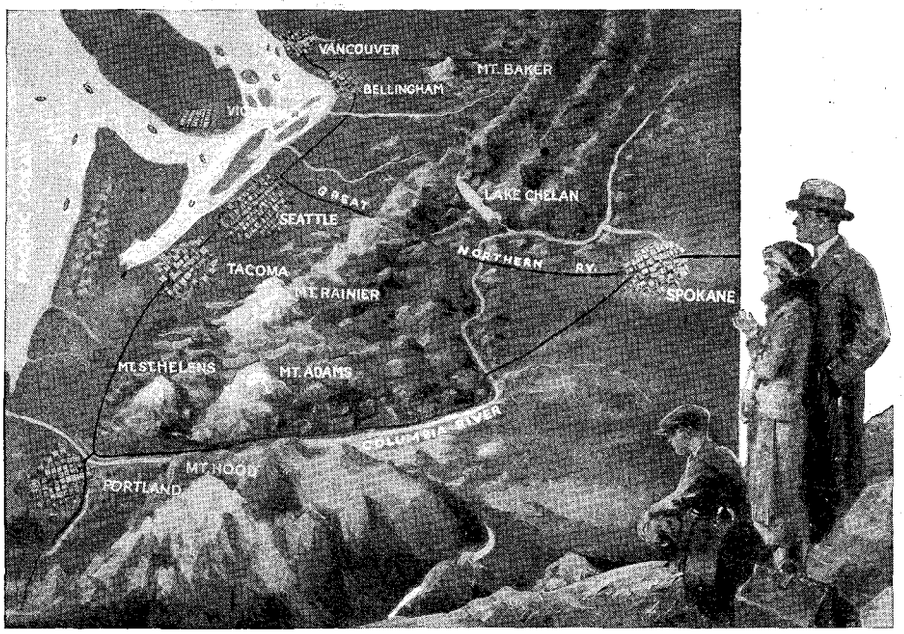

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canization of the later-type immigrants. The author is not flogging a dead dromedary; the efforts are and will continue to be vehement and unremitting to get the immigration bars erected in 1924 lowered. The author convincingly demonstrates how and why such lowering would be disastrous.

Notes on New Books

ORGANIZED LABOR AND THE LAW. By Alpheus Thomas Mason. The Duke University Press, Durham, North Carolina. $2.50.
This book by an Assistant Professor of Politics at Princeton has a special reference to the Sherman and Clayton Acts.

ORIGINS OF THE WHIG PARTY. By E. Malcolm Carroll. The Duke University Press, Durham, North Carolina. $2.50.
By the Assistant Professor of History in Duke University. It is the Whig Party in American politics which is discussed.

THE APOSTOLIC MESSAGE. By Benjamin W. Bacon. The Century Company, New York. $3.50.
By the Professor of New Testament Criticism at Yale.

WHAT MY RELIGION MEANS TO ME. By Edgar A. Guest. Reilly & Lee, Chicago.
The very popular poet discusses his faith.

THE LITTLE WHITE GATE. By Florence Hoatson. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $1.35.
A book of poetry for children.

THE HALT IN THE GARDEN. By Robert Hillyer. Elkin Mathews, Ltd., London. 3s. 6d.
A brief book of poems.

THE NEW AGE OF FAITH. By John Langdon-Davies. The Viking Press, New York. $2.50.
By an Oxford scholar who is also an English journalist. His newspaper connections have been with the "Christian Science Monitor," the "New Statesman," and the Westminster "Gazette." He stood for Parliament as a Labor candidate and has lectured in the United States.

CARLYLE ON CROMWELL AND OTHERS. By David Alec Wilson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.
The third volume of the author's life of Carlyle.

ZATTHU. By Edmund H. Sears. The Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston. $2.
A story of ancient Galilee.

SINS OF SCIENCE. By Scudder Klyce. The Marshall Jones Company, Boston. $3.
The author discusses science and religion and sets out to show how to be successful and happy. He presents evidence to prove that most scientists are wrong, and apparently believes that he has made out his case.

POETS AND PILGRIMS. By Katherine Bregy. Benziger Brothers, New York.
Essays on poets, most of whom are Roman Catholic writers of our own century.

THE ORGANIZATION OF LIFE. By Seba Eldridge. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $4.50.
"A revaluation of evidence relative to the primary factors in the activity and evolution of living organisms, including a factorial analysis of human behavior and experience."

THE OIL INDUSTRY AND THE COMPETITIVE SYSTEM. By George Ward Stocking. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.50.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. By Edgar Stillman Kelley. The Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. $1.50.

SYSTEMS OF PUBLIC WELFARE. By Howard W. Odum and D. W. Willard. The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N. C. $2.

FERENCZ (FRANCOIS) LISZT. By Frederick Corder. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.50.

THE UNITED STATES SENATE AND THE INTERNATIONAL COURT. By Frances Kellor and Antonia Hatvany. Thomas Seltzer, New York.

WRITING OF TODAY. By Cunliffe Lomer. The Century Company, New York. $2.

THE STORY OF DURHAM. By William Kenneth Boyd. The Duke University Press, Durham, N. C.

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By the Way

THE Bureau of Technology reports that America's automobile bill exceeds $14,000,000,000 annually. This includes the cost of the cars, the insurance, the up-keep, gasoline, and other items. On the average it costs the automobilist more than $700 a year to own and operate his car.

Dentist: "Now I'm not going to hurt."

New Patient: "You can cut out the professional chatter, old man. I'm a dentist myself!"

A man in Buffalo, New York, has just been summoned to the Federal Court on the charge of selling thirty-cent fountain pens to the deceased residents of that city for eight dollars. This reminds us of a similar scheme which was carried on in New York City for many months. The man who adopted this miserable way of making a living operated as follows: At midnight he bought the first editions of the morning papers and clipped out the obituary columns. Immediately he carried to the post office wrapped-up bottles of some harmless and inexpensive medicine to be mailed C. O. D. to each name on his death list. A few hours later the package would be delivered and some mourner or relative of the deceased, thinking that it had been legitimately ordered, would pay the C. O. D. charges. In this way the operator sold from fifty to one hundred bottles of his worthless remedy each day. An inspection of his books would show regularly entered orders, etc., and he was able to continue in business without molestation. It now seems that a similar plan is being attempted in Buffalo.

The Nashville "Banner" thinks that another fine way to keep the boys on the farms would be to pass a good stiff law prohibiting them from staying there.

Now that the radio wave length allocations have been limited by Secretary Hoover, the valuation of radio broadcasting stations has gone sky-high. It is said that any one wishing to acquire a New York station must pay at least $500,000 to purchase one of those now functioning.

President Calvin Coolidge is credited with being more sparing of words than any man who ever filled the high office of Chief Magistrate. At a dinner in Washington he was assigned to escort the vivacious wife of a Senator to the table, and be at her side during the meal. As they were walking to the dining-room the lady remarked archly:

"Now, Mr. President, I have a bet with a friend who says you will not talk to me. Please do, so I can win."

"You lose," was the prompt reply.

Leo A. Weisskopf, a Chicago lawyer who has advertised himself extensively as "Everybody's Friend," is being sued by the manufacturers of the novelty note-books (imprinted with that slogan) which he distributed. It now seems that "Everybody's Friend" owes everybody.

The insouciance of members of the A. E. F. in France has developed an anecdotage of its own. Here is a good one: The late Madame Waddington, who was born Mary King in New York, found it hard one morning to halt a taxicab at the corner nearest her Paris mansion. She signalled a number in vain; all went whizzing past disregardful of her appeals. Just as she began to despair a couple of United States soldiers came swinging along in route step.

She hailed them. "Can I ask you to help me get a taxicab?" she queried. "I am an American woman. None of these drivers will stop for me and I am too old to walk."

"Sure, lady," was the response. "Wait here a moment and we'll bring you one."

In about five minutes the boys were back with a cab, into which they politely assisted madame.

"I am more than obliged," she said, "but would really like to know how you did it."

"Oh, that was easy," came the answer; "we just held it up, pulled the frog out who was inside and told him to hop. Glad to have been of service."

Then with a salute worthy of a field marshal they strode away.

A new system of handling beggary is being tried out in Hamburg, Germany. Books of tickets, each worth five or ten pfennigs, are issued to citizens from the City Hall. Then, if one is accosted by a beggar, he gives him some of the tickets and directs the mendicant to a relief bureau where these coupons will assure him of aid. It is reported that many of the beggars are seemingly imposters, as they are seen tearing up the tickets in disgust.

"Don't worry about that, dear," said the husband to his young wife who had noticed a hair on his sleeve, "it is far too long to be a woman's."

That the moving-picture business is entering its second generation is evidenced by the present-day featuring of the sons and daughters of the old original stars. Two daughters and one son of Francis X. Bushman are now playing in Metro-Goldwyn films. Dolores Costello, daughter of Maurice Costello, the sheik of fifteen years ago, appeared in "The Sea Beast." Though Douglas Fairbanks is not a star of the past, his grown son is also being featured by the Famous Players.

In a recent issue of the "Nation" there appears an article on French finance entitled "Lafayette, We Want Our Money."

We cannot vouch for the truth of this story, but a visitor to Florida tells the following tale of his hunt for a room in Miami. He approached a hotel proprietor at ten o'clock in the evening. "Got a room?" he asked. "Not just now," replied the inn-keeper, "but I can get you one in the morning over there." And he pointed to a vacant lot across the way. "What's the idea," asked the traveler; "there's nothing over there." "Yeh," replied the other, "but I am building a new hotel over there to-night."

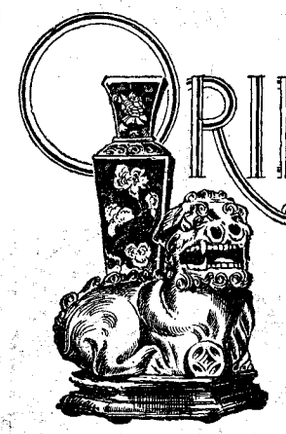
Dr. Carleton Simon, formerly in charge of the Narcotic Division of the New York City Police Department, has recently made a month's survey of the State of Louisiana at the invitation of Dr. Oscar Dowling, President of the Board of Health of that State. Dr. Simon reports that young boys and girls of Louisiana have dropped the smart fad of liquor drinking and are acquiring the hashish drug habit.

Have you ever met that dear old lady who has such a delightful sense of rumor?

Here is another anagram:

Six words of five letters each are needed to complete it. Each word contains the same letters.

John goes to —— with lovely Kate
Each day down to the river,
She dines with him, he buys her ——,
They drive out in his flivver.
He —— her ——, they read aloud,
He's bound as in a fetter.
"—— love is my desire," says John,
"I'll —— my life I'll get her!"



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These are the things that you find in your trunks when you're back from your trip. And wrapped around them are the memories—the little clear-cut pictures of twisted streets, scented shops, the moon over strange hills, the temples of incense and old gods, the eyes that smiled at you but couldn't speak... You'll be wiser than your self—and happier.

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Rolls and Discs

By Lawrence Jacob Abbott

ALMOST interesting problem comes up in connection with the phonograph—a problem which allows plenty of lively argument on both sides. It is this: Does the performance of music on a talking-machine require different treatment from that of the same music as it would be performed in a concert hall? In other words, can phonograph recording be considered a new musical art—just as the "movies" are considered a new dramatic art distinct from the spoken drama?

Perhaps. And in that case it can well be claimed that the phonograph should take every advantage of its opportunities to secure even better performances than could be given before an audience. Moving pictures introduce all kinds of technique of their own. "Close-ups" are entirely foreign to the methods of the legitimate drama. Why should not phonograph records take the same liberties?

We have in mind at present several perfectly superb orchestral recordings. They are Goldmark's "In Springtime" Overture, played by the Chicago Orchestra, and Rossini's "Barber of Seville" Overture, played by the St. Louis Orchestra, both reviewed last month; and the London Orchestra's performance of Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony, mentioned further below. From the standpoint of recording, the Fantastic Symphony records aim at a different goal from that of the two American records. The two overtures give us a marvelously faithful reproduction of the tone color and contrasts in volume of a symphony orchestra. But in each case the orchestra does not sound as it would if it were playing in a fairly large hall. Its volume and resonance are what we should hear from a large orchestra in a small room. Another thing, the instruments seem more in "close-up" when playing solo passages than when playing as merely one of scores of instruments. This is probably effected by manipulation of the microphones. In contrast to this type of reproduction is the London Orchestra's recording. In it the volume is not so great—therefore not so thrilling. But both its balance and volume are so nearly similar to what an audience hears in Carnegie Hall in New York, Symphony Hall in Boston, etc., that listening with closed eyes brings an uncanny sense of reality.

Now the question is this: Do we want to hear our orchestras as if the instruments were just inside the phonograph, or do we want to duplicate as nearly as possible the sounds that would come to us at an actual performance? Much can be said for both sides.

Phonograph Records

SYMPHONIE FANTASTIQUE (Berlioz). Played by the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Felix Weingartner. Electrically recorded; in twelve parts, on six records. Columbia.

This is the first electrically cut orchestral record which has come from England. As a result of hearing it, we feel we know the sound of the London Symphony Orchestra for the first time. Its violins have a gloriously rich, velvet tone. Berlioz's program symphony is an excellent work to display the classic use of the orchestra; although the piece is on the edge of being a century old, its treatment in many places is startlingly new. On first hearing, the second movement, "A Ball," and the fourth, "The March to the Gallows," win instant favor. But there is musical nourishment in every record—in spite of the fact that the symphony has lost its popularity nowadays. Berlioz was a composer apart from the crowd, and Weingartner has caught that quality in his interpretation. There are many delicate effects—such as the subdued kettledrum roll at the beginning of part three. An extraordinarily good piece of work, except for the very last part, which is miserably recorded.

MESSIAH—HALLELUJAH CHORUS (Handel); **GLORIA FROM "TWELFTH MASS"** (Mozart). *Sung by Trinity Choir.* Electrically recorded. Victor.

MESSIAH—HALLELUJAH CHORUS (Handel), pipe organ solo by Mark Andrews; **ANGELUS** (Massenet), pipe organ solo by Charles O'Connell. Electrically recorded. Victor.

It is hard to decide which is the finer record of the two. In both of them is the grandeur which is fitting for Handel's far-famed "Hallelujah" chorus. The chorus of mixed voices has impressive volume without losing the sharply etched clearness of the individual parts. Mark Andrews plays with breadth and feeling what is by far the best organ record we have heard. It is possible to forget for the moment that Handel's theme furnished the inspiration for "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

SONATA IN A MAJOR—for Violin and Piano (Brahms). Played by Toscha Seidel and Arthur Loesser. Electrically recorded; in six parts, on three records. Columbia.

A noble piece of work, very capably performed—although it does not measure up to the Brahms D Minor as done by Catterall and Murdoch, also for Columbia. True, it has one virtue painfully lacking in the other. The piano takes its place on a par with the violin, where it belongs. And, though not the best, it is one of the better pianoforte recordings. But Seidel's violin tone is reedy, and

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A camp for the lovers of the out-of-doors. Refined surroundings. Good table. Large living-hall. Cottages and tents for sleeping. Boats and canoes. Black bass fishing. Hikes into the woods. Nights around the camp-fire. Everything comfortable and homelike. CHAS. T. MEYER, Lake Pleasant, Hamilton Co., N. Y.

HOTEL ALCADEL and THE HURRICANE MT'N INN. (Hurricane, Essex Co., N. Y.) **In the Adirondacks.** Beautifully situated. All modern equipment. On international motor route to Montreal. Golf course. Write for booklet. Hotel Alcadel, 208 Center St., New York City.

Vermont

Chester, Vt. THE MAPLES Delightful
summer home. Cheerful, large, airy rooms, pure water; bath, hot and cold; broad piazza, croquet, fine roads. Terms reasonable. References exchanged. **The Misses Sargeant.**

Wyoming

A GREAT VACATION
Trapper Lodge, Sixteen-Bar-One Ranch
Shell, Big Horn Co., Wyoming
In Big Horn Mountain cow country. Horseback riding, lake and stream fishing. Our garden and dairy herd supply our table. A complete mountain-top camp maintained. For reservations write GAY WYMAN, Mgr.

Apartments

For Rent Furnished Apartment, Brooklyn Heights, 6 rooms, 2 baths, all light rooms. May 15-Sept. 15. $150 month. References. 5,213, Outlook.

COOL, QUIET, COMFORTABLE APARTMENT in N. Y. CITY. Delightfully furnished; moderate; near Central Park. 6 months, longer. 5,205, Outlook.

TO RENT Four-room apartments, bath, electricity, on Housatonic Highway, near churches, library, R. R. station. "The Firs," Kent, Conn.

Board—Rooms

Lady having charming home Berkshire foothills
1,280 ft., 6 miles from Kent, Conn., can offer delightful room, private bath, sleeping-porch, sitting-room, to elderly couple, 2 ladies, or invalid with nurse; June 15 on; no one else taken. Wonderful views and air, retired location, excellent food, best milk and cream; diet if desired. For further particulars write **Mrs. MacGLASHAN, Kent, Conn.**

Real Estate

Connecticut

For Sale—A Worth-While Summer Home
Over 50 acres; modern house; 850 feet elevation; 50 miles from New York City; electric train service; superb view; located in the most charming section of Connecticut. Inquire **Jordan & Selleck, Inc., 1115 Main St., Bridgeport, Conn.**

Maine

AUBURN, Maine Beautiful 13-room house, modern improvements, A1 condition; fine barn, chicken houses; 20 acres of land; excellent location, overlooking the city and near lake. Best buy in Maine for a gentleman's estate or a development. Price $15,000. Would consider selling furnished with my collection of beautiful antiques.
M. J. RYAN, Colby College, Waterville, Maine.

BAILEY ISLAND, ME. Modern 7-room cottage. Splendid location. **Rent for summer.** Might sell to desirable neighbors. Will also rent 9-room cottage. **J. C. Armstrong, 55 Hanson Place, Brooklyn, N.Y.**

PEMAQUID HARBOR, Maine Coast. Furnished cottages with or without bath, 2 to 10 rooms. $75 to $500 season. Eva Whitehouse, 136 W. 70th St., New York City.

Seashore Cottage Rent for season
6 rooms, bath, hot and cold water, electric lights; fully furnished. **S. W. LITTELL, 138 S. Main St., Rockland, Me.**

SOUTHWEST HARBOR, Maine. For rent, two new cottages, furnished, near Dirigo Hotel, five bedrooms, two baths, living-room with fireplace. Electricity, kitchen. Box 38, Southwest Harbor, Maine.

Massachusetts

SEASHORE HOMES IN NEW ENGLAND SUMMER RENTALS—SALES
North and South Shores of Massachusetts
Cape Cod
The Summer Vacationland of America
1926 Catalog of Listings Sent on Request
HENRY W. SAVAGE, Inc.
10 State Street, Boston, Mass. Est. 1840
SECURE YOUR SUMMER HOME NOW

FOR SALE AS
Summer Residence or Year-round Home
Beautiful village estate, central Massachusetts, 65 miles from Boston, house of 9 rooms, with bath, furnace, electric lights, and all modern improvements. Wide piazza and porch. Shed at rear. Cellar under whole house. Barn for two cars. Gardens, shrubbery, roses, fruit trees. Half acre of land. House in best condition, shingled and painted inside and out within two years. Fully furnished, some antiques. Owner leaving town. Price $6,500, terms. For information write to owner, GARDNER BOYD, Box 1051, Lake Worth, Fla.

Charming little Cape Cod cottage to rent
for summer at **Harwich, Mass.** Good location, near bathing beach and golf links. For further particulars address 5,141, Outlook.

New Hampshire

LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.
Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, furnished, for rent and for sale. Write for booklets. SARGENT & Co., New London, N. H.
Headquarters Lake Sunapee Real Estate

New York

Paradox Lake, Adirondacks
Ten fully equipped camps, bungalow style, modern conveniences, fireplaces, etc. Exclusive, attractive, comfortable. Boating, bathing, fishing, tennis. Gentile colony. Booklet and photographs on application. CHARLES A. DARBY, JR., Paradox, N. Y.

Adirondack Cottages For Rent
6 rooms, garages, boats. Completely furnished and equipped. Electricity, telephone, running water; ice furnished. Boating, bathing, and fishing unsurpassed. Rates $300 to $400 the season. FRED C. GORDON, Keeseville, N. Y.

For other Classified Advertising see next page

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Real Estate

New York

On Lake Champlain—Adirondacks
FOR SALE, desirable summer estates and summer hotel. Hotel completely equipped and furnished. Also desirable farm properties.
Prescott, Thomas & Gordon, Keeseville, N. Y.

Adirondack Cottage
with open fireplace, 6 rooms, bath, hot and cold running water, electric lights, garage. $275 for season. A. WARD, Ocoee, Orange Co., Fla.

For Sale—Thirty Acres
with 800 feet lake and highway frontage, west shore Cazenovia Lake, beautiful location for camps or a summer home, convenient to Syracuse. M. D. BLAKESLEE, Cazenovia, N. Y.

For rent June 15 to Sept. 15 furnished house in Scarsdale 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, 2 maids' rooms in attic. Pleasant summer home, large porches, shady lawn. Shown by appointment. Phone Scarsdale 896 M. 5,189, Outlook.

Large, Airy 8-ROOM HOUSE
with high ceilings. Conveniently located on the prettiest Avenue of the Village and only ½ mile from bathing beach. **131 8th Ave., SEACLIFF.** Phone Glen Cove 292.

CAMP SITE 121 acres; 18-room dwelling, 22-room annex, furnished, modern improvements; large frontage on 150-acre lake; an ideal camp or summer boarding house; fine land for outdoor sports; 7 miles from railroad, 65 miles from New York City. Write for description and photographs. **E. I. HATFIELD, real estate, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.**

Rhode Island

WATCH HILL, R. I.
and adjacent beaches directly on the ocean
COTTAGES FOR SUMMER
Well located cottages commanding ocean view and accessible to beach.
List giving particulars and prices of houses available, maps, etc., sent on request.
FRANK W. COY
Specialist in seashore properties.
6 High St., Westerly, R. I.

For rental or sale, on the South Coast of Rhode Island 5 miles east Watch Hill, 2 well-built, attractively furnished cottages, season June 1 to October 1. *Ideal place for children. Inland* and ocean bathing, boating. Wide piazzas 3 sides each cottage. Fine drinking water. If interested direct inquiry to Mrs. E. H. GLADWIN, 930 Asylum Ave., Hartford, Conn.

TO RENT—Summer Cottages
From five to twelve rooms, completely furnished and all modern improvements, on ocean front and beautiful salt-water pond, near Watch Hill, R. I. For particulars address M. S. DAMEREL, Westerly, R. I.

TO RENT FOR SUMMER SEASON
Weekapaug, R. I.
"The Nest," charming bungalow with bedroom, sleeping-porch, bathroom, living-room with fireplace and divan, kitchen. Modern conveniences. Also large cottage, "Twin Gables," for months of June and July, has five bedrooms. For particulars apply to
Mrs. M. H. Hapgood, 22 So. Marshall St., Hartford, Conn.

Vermont

FOR SALE AT DORSET, VT.
My beautiful bungalow. 6 bedrooms, 2 baths and lavatory, also shower and lavatory in basement. Large living-room, extra large *porch with fine mountain view, also dining*-room and kitchen. 10 acres of ground, with 1-room cottage, suitable for studio. Also garage. House complete for summer living.
For particulars address
Mrs. GEORGE M. HOEGER, River Edge, N. J.

To Rent, Cedar Beach, near Burlington, Vt.
8-room cottage, attractively furnished, modern improvements. Large porches, screened sleeping-porch. Beautifully located on bluff, commanding fine view of lake and mountains. $400 season. **Box 105, Noroton, Conn.**

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

PARTNER wanted for the well-known Hotel Rumsey and Mineral Bath Resort at Westfield, N. Y. (Nature's cure for rheumatism, nervousness, and that run down condition.) Apply in person. Terms $45,000, half interest, few thousand dollars down, balance 10 per cent a year. Don't delay! Get this quick. Chance to clear $20,000 year and more. 6,763, Outlook.

HAVE a Boston office without usual branch expense—mail address up to complete service, *including sales. New angle of co-operative* idea. Private interests or parents represented. Reliability counts. References. 3.128, Outlook.

WANTED—Partner for "dude" and stock ranch to enroll campers for horseback trips, Yellowstone Park. Box 31, Jackson, Wyo.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL stationery—$1 and $1.50 box of 100 folded or 200 single sheets and 100 envelopes. Send for samples. Hicks, Stationer, Macedon Center, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

SECRETARIES, social workers, superintendents, matrons, housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers, companions, governesses, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

HELP WANTED

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis *Hotel Training Schools, Suite K-5842, Washington, D. C.*

SALESMEN wanted. $10 daily easy. We start you in auto accessory business. No investment, no experience necessary. Exclusive territory. Motor Products Co., 1760 Lunt Ave., Chicago.

WANTED, next September, manager for women's club in New England city. Active work as well as direction required. Position with future for right person. 6,799, Outlook.

WANTED—Working housekeeper for two ladies. Suburban New Jersey. Good home. Moderate salary. References. Please write particulars. 6,794, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

DARTMOUTH graduate, Amos Tuck student, desires position, preferably traveling. Specialty tutoring. Typist. Drive car. Best references. 6,784, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED woman desires position—children, old people, convalescents. Girls' Friendly Lodge. Excellent references. 6,805, Outlook.

FOR passage abroad experienced traveler offers services. Mother's helper, companion. 6,807, Outlook.

HOUSEMOTHER in Southern boarding school for girls desires position for summer as companion, hostess, or helper in refined home. Married. Highest references. 6,797, Outlook.

INTELLIGENT woman wishes position traveling companion. 6,719, Outlook.

LEHIGH student desires summer position as tutor or companion to boys in private family. Willing to travel. Ready June 15. Best references. 6,806, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper, American, Protestant, experienced, capable, adaptable. Large or small household, any location. 6,800, Outlook.

SCHOOL housemother and nurse during winter desires summer position of trust, with children, invalid, or household executive. 6,801, Outlook.

SECRETARY — Young lady, employed, *available for summer. 6,793, Outlook.*

SUPERVISING housekeeper, 50. Refined. Lewis trained. Hotel experience. 6,771, Outlook.

TEACHER, secretarial subjects, Gregg Shorthand, wants position, private school. Experience. 6,802, Outlook.

TUTORING, secretarial work, by young woman having university degrees. Will travel. 6,795, Outlook.

TUTOR or travel, summer, home or abroad. Young West Point graduate, law student; rides, swims, drives auto, boat. 6,792, Outlook.

WANTED — Position as companion by American girl; cultured, cheerful, and capable. Will travel. Excellent references. 6,775, Outlook.

WIDOW, refined, middle age, a mother, wishes position as companion or chaperon with girls in their home, school or traveling. 6,804, Outlook.

WOMAN of exceptional ability and qualifications desires position, manager club or other high-grade institution catering to exclusive clientele, where highest standards of food and service are required and maintained. Can bring excellent cook, chauffeur, and waitress. 6,803, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, teacher in Eastern private school, desires position for summer as governess, tutor, or companion-secretary. Excellent references. 6,796, Outlook.

YOUNG student desires summer position as tutor in private family. Write Melvin Apgar, 230 Cattell St., Easton, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' *nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In* Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

PERPLEXITY Bureau. Information and suggestion along various lines. Reasonable charge. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

DESIROUS of joining private party for touring and hiking on Continent this summer. 6,777, Outlook.

DESIROUS of sharing home and expense in New York suburbs, by widow whose only son is located in city. 6,776, Outlook.

lacks the full-throated resonance of Catterall's. It is nevertheless a recording worth having, if only for the exquisite slow movement with its inevitable flow of melody.

BOHÈME—DEATH SCENE (Puccini). Sung by Lucrezia Bori and Tito Schipa. Electrically recorded; in two parts, on one record. Victor.

RIGOLETTO—CARO NOME (Verdi); **BARBER OF SEVILLE—UNA VOCE POCO FA** (Rossini). Sung by Marion Talley. Electrically recorded. Victor.

One of the very few opera selections for the phonograph which are really excerpts from musical drama, and not vocal display, is this "Bohême" death scene. Its close is as gripping as a dime novel. Marion Talley, on the other hand, clings to vocal display. Being "up-to-the-minute" news, she has a good excuse. Her voice from a technical point of view bears up under the scrutiny of the phonograph, but is unpleasantly hard in its upper register.

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT (Arranged by Reddick); **PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING** (Arranged by Kremser). Sung by Associated Glee Clubs of America. Electrically recorded. Victor.

Impressive volume from one thousand male voices. The spiritual is beautifully arranged for part singing, the prayer effectively kept in unison until the very end. Both are well recorded, considering that they were made at an actual concert.

SONG OF INDIA (Rimsky-Korsakoff); **MINUET** (Bolzoni). Played by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Rudolph Ganz. Electrically recorded. Victor.

The "Song of India" is neither particularly inspired in performance nor particularly well recorded. On the reverse face is a delightful minuet which affords the St. Louis strings a chance to play charmingly even if they are a trifle heavy-handed.

Piano Rolls

CARNAVAL, Opus 9 (Schumann). Played by Benno Moiseiwitsch, on four rolls. Ampico.

Schumann the imaginative, the humorous, the whimsical. In "Carnaval" he turns from one mood to another—first describing clowns and masqueraders, then whispering musical love phrases. It is music packed with originality, played with a thorough realization of the composer's quips of fancy.

SCHERZO IN B MINOR, Opus 20 (Chopin). Played by Josef Hofmann. Duo-Art.

POLONAISE, Op. 26, No. 2 (Chopin). Played by Harold Bauer. Duo-Art.

Both these selections are of the masculine Chopin. The scherzo is almost a symphonic poem for the piano. Hofmann is all he should be in putting into the music fire, impetuosity, and dynamic energy. Bauer shows more restraint in the Polonaise, especially in his handling of the quiet *staccato* chords in the middle section.

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